



SHAKESPEARE'S  
COMEDY OF THE TEMPEST

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

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NEW YORK  
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS  
FRANKLIN SQUARE



SHAKESPEARE'S  
COMEDY OF  
THE TEMPEST

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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*WITH ENGRAVINGS*



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## P R E F A C E

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THE plan of this edition has been already explained in the Preface to *The Merchant of Venice*. The notes on this play also were written several years ago, but have been carefully revised before being sent to the press.

The "expurgation" of the text consists in the removal of only three or four lines. I might, perhaps, have decided to strike out a few other passages, had they not been so interwoven with the *thought* of the play that too much of the context would have to be sacrificed with them.

The enlarged edition of Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar" was published just as *The Merchant of Venice* was going to press, and I was able to make but limited use of it in the final revision of my notes. It seems to me the best work on the English of Shakespeare that has yet appeared, and in these notes on *The Tempest* I have referred to it frequently. One of its chief merits is the very full citation of illustrative passages. Shakespeare is thus made his own commentator, and he often proves a far better one than any of his editors or critics.

The "Philadelphia edition," to which I have often referred, is the "Notes of Studies on *The Tempest*, from the Minutes of the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia for 1864-65," of which sixty copies were privately printed for the society in 1866. It is much to be regretted that these valuable Notes are accessible to only a favored few among the students of Shakespeare, but we may hope that Mr. Furness, the Secretary of the Society, will ere long make them more widely known by incorporating them into his "New Variorum Edition" of this play.

References to the notes have not been inserted *in the text* of either *The Merchant of Venice* or the present play, partly because they would have been so numerous as to disfigure the page, and partly because they seem

to me of no special use. For the school room they are worse than useless. While preparing his lesson, the pupil is not likely to overlook anything in the notes that will help him, and at the recitation, neither the notes themselves, nor anything that may serve as a guide-board to them, should be directly before his eyes.

With regard to this and all other features of this edition, I have been aided by my experience as a teacher, while I have aimed at the same time to keep constantly in view the wants and the tastes of the general reader. The favor with which *The Merchant of Venice* has been received, both by teachers and by the public, encourages me in bringing out this second number of the series, which I trust may prove in some respects even more worthy of their approval.

CARLETON, June 1, 1871



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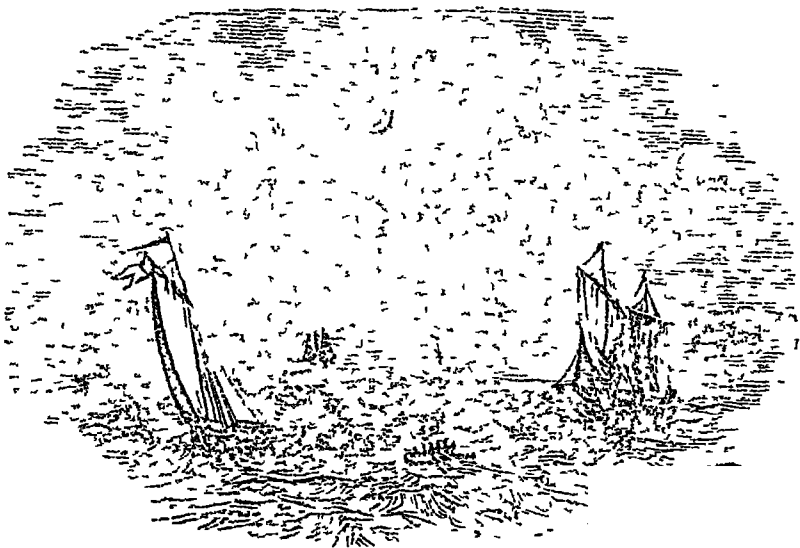
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“The grapes  
D d e - ke v o v e s h u y l”



"BERMOOTHES"

## INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE TEMPEST.

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### I HISTORY OF THE PLAY

*The Tempest* occupies the first nineteen pages of the Folio of 1623, and no earlier edition of the play has been discovered. It is not unlikely, as White has suggested, that "it was made the leading play, as being one of the latest and most admired works of its author." Mr Joseph Hunter\* has attempted to show that it was written as early as 1596, but the commentators generally agree that the date cannot be put earlier than 1603, and that it was probably as late as 1611.

\* *New Illustrations of Shakespeare* (1845), vol 1 pp 122-157.

The speech of Gonzalo (ii 1), "I th' commonwealth I would by contraries 'etc.," is manifestly copied from a passage in Harion's translation of Montaigne, which appeared in 1603. We must therefore believe that the play was written after that time unless we adopt the hypothesis that Shakespeare had seen Harion's work in manuscript. The *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, 1711, state that *The Tempest* was performed before King James, 20 or 1st 1611, but the entry, which is as follows, is now known to be a forgery:

<p>In the Kings players</p>	<p>Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before y<sup>e</sup> Kinges Ma<sup>ty</sup> a play called the Tempest</p>
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To this positive external testimony, † says White, "are to be added some external probabilities. First in the occurrence of a passage in the Introduction to Ben Jonson's *Bartolomeo Fair*, written between 1612 and 1614, which has a line not necessarily ill numored, at those who have 'a *Servant-mistress*' in their *dramatis personæ*, and 'beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*,' where the allusion to *The Tempest* is too plain to be mistaken—an allusion which would be made only when the impression of that play was fresh in the public mind. Next, in the publication by Sil[vester] Jourdain of a quarto pamphlet entitled 'A Discovery of the Bermudas otherwise called the Ile of Devils' by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with diuers others London, 1610. This pamphlet tells of the tempest which scattered the fleet commanded by Somers and Gates, and the happy discovery, by some of the shipwrecked of land which proved to be the Bermudas. It alludes to the general belief that these islands were *never* inhabited by any Christian or Heathen people,' being 'reputed a most *prodigious and extraordinary* place, adding that, nevertheless, those who were cast away upon them, and lived there nine months, found the air temperate and the country 'abundantly fruitful of all fit necessities.' (iv, p 12.) This was written before the forgery was detected.

essaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life' Prospero's command to Ariel to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes' makes it certain that the Bermudas are not the scene of *The Tempest*, though, strangely enough, it has produced the contrary impression on many minds; but this reference to these islands, and allusion to their still-vexed coast connects itself naturally with the publication of Jourdan's narrative. It is highly probable, therefore, that *The Tempest* was written about 1611.

"The thoughtful reader will, however, find in the compact simplicity of its structure, and in the chastened grandeur of its diction and the lofty severity of its tone of thought, tempered although the one is with Shakespeare's own enchanting sweetness, and the other with that most human tenderness which is the peculiar trait of his mind, sufficient evidence that this play is the fruit of his genius in its full maturity."

## II THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT

Shakespeare usually founded his plays upon some well-known history or romance, and the plot of *The Tempest*, though the critics have not succeeded in tracing it to its source, was doubtless borrowed from some old Italian or Spanish novel. Collins, the poet, told Thomas Warton that he had seen such a novel with the title of *Aurelio and Isabella*, and that it was "printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588," and Boswell says that a friend of his assured him that, some years before, he had "actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Collins's description." But Collins was insane when he made the statement, and Boswell's friend may have been mistaken; at any rate, the romance has not yet been found. There is an early German play (published in 1618) called *Die Schone Sida*, by Jacob Ayer, a notary of Nuremberg, the plot of which is somewhat like that of *The Tempest*, and this has led several critics to suppose that the two were drawn from the same source, but

the resemblance is hardly close enough to justify the conclusion. If there is any connection between the plays, it is possible that Arter had seen *The Tempest*, or a translation of it.

Although, according to Eschenburg, no reference to Shakespeare has been found in German literature farther back than 1682, it is certain that English plays were translated into German as early as 1600.

"As to the actual scene of *The Tempest*, that is in the realms of fancy. Mr Hunter has contended that Lampedusa, 'an island in the Mediterranean, lying not far out of a ship's course passing from Tunis to Naples,' and which is uninhabited and supposed by sailors to be enchanted, was *Prospero's* place of exile. It may have been, though if it were, we would a little rather not believe so. When the great magician at whose beck it rose from the waters broke his staff, the island sunk, and carried *Caliban* down with it."<sup>12</sup>

### III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY

[From Coleridge's *Notes on Shakespeare* †]

*The Tempest* is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture or the natural connection of events, but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography—no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty, and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is address-

<sup>12</sup> White.      † Coleridge's Works (Harper's ed.), vol. iv. pp. 74 foll.

ed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within

The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note to the whole harmony. It prepares and initiates the excitement required for the entire piece, and yet does not demand any thing from the spectators which their previous habits had not fitted them to understand. It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted, therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural, and is purposely restrained from concentrating the interest on itself, but used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow.

In the second scene, Prospero's speeches, till the entrance of Ariel, contain the finest example I remember of retrospective narration for the purpose of exciting immediate interest, and putting the audience in possession of all the information necessary for the understanding of the plot. Observe, too, the perfect probability of the moment chosen by Prospero (the very Shakespeare himself, as it were, of the tempest) to open out the truth to his daughter, his own romantic bearing, and how completely any thing that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician is reconcilable and shaded in the humanity and natural feelings of the father. In the very first speech of Miranda the simplicity and tenderness of her character are at once laid open—it would have been lost in direct contact with the agitation of the first scene.

Ariel has in everything the airy tint which gives the name. And it is worthy of remark that Miranda is never directly brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other should tend to neutralize each other. Caliban, on the other hand, is all earth, all condensed and gross in feelings and images, he has the dawns of understanding, without reason or the

moral sense, and in him, as in some brute animals, this advance to the intellectual faculties, without the moral sense, is marred by the appearance of vice. For it is in the primacy of the moral being only that man is truly human, in his intellectual powers he is certainly approached by the brutes, and, man's whole system duly considered, those powers cannot be considered other than means to an end, that is, to morality.

In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilization, and in the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has, as in many other places shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instance of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated or concealed and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind not immediately recipient to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast of another counterpart of it in low life—that between the conspirators, Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics.

In this play, and in this scene of it, are also shown the springs of the vulgar in politics—of that kind of politics which

is inwoven with human nature In his treatment of this subject, wherever it occurs Shakespeare is quite peculiar In other writers we find the particular opinions of the individual, . but Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but, at the same time, with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks of which, although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages Hence, again, you will observe the good nature with which he seems always to make sport with the passions and follies of a mob, as with an irrational animal He is never angry with it, but hugely content with holding up its absurdities to its face, and sometimes you may trace a tone of almost affectionate superiority, something like that in which a father speaks of the rogueries of a child See the good-humoured way in which he describes Stephano, passing from the most licentious freedom to absolute despotism over Trinculo and Caliban The truth is, Shakespeare's characters are all *genera* intensely individualized, the results of meditation, of which observation supplied the drapery and the colours necessary to combine them with each other. He had virtually surveyed all the great component powers and impulses of human nature—had seen that their different combinations and subordinations were in fact the individualizers of men, and showed how their harmony was produced by reciprocal disproportions of excess or deficiency The language in which these truths are expressed was not drawn from any set fashion, but from the profoundest depths of his moral being, and is therefore for all ages



[From *Shakespeare's Lectures on Dramatic Literature* \*\*]

*The Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* may be so far compared together that in both the influence of a wonderful world of spirits is interwoven with the turmoil of human passions and with the farcical adventures of folly. *The Midsummer Night's Dream* is certainly an earlier production, but *The Tempest*, according to all appearance, was written in Shakespeare's later days—hence most critics, on the supposition that the poet must have continued to improve with increasing maturity of mind, have honoured the last piece with a marked preference. I cannot however, altogether concur with them—the intrinsic merits of these two works are, in my opinion, pretty nearly balanced, and a predilection for the one or the other can only be governed by personal taste. In profound and original characterization the superiority of *The Tempest* is obvious—as a whole, we must always admire the masterly skill which the poet has here displayed in the economy of his means, and the dexterity with which he has disguised his preparations—the scaffoldings for the wonderful aerial structure.

*The Tempest* has little action or progressive movement, the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is settled at their first interview and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way—the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island—the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and the plot of Caliban and the drunken sailors against Prospero are nothing but a feint, for we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter, nothing remains, therefore, but the punishment of the guilty by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, and then the discovery and final reconciliation. Yet this want of movement is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry and the ex-

hilaration of mirth, the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the *dénouement* is, in some degree, anticipated in the exposition. The history of the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful—an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and on the other of the virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learned to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air, the disagreeable impression left by the black falsehood of the two usurpers is softened by the honest gossiping of the old and faithful Gonzalo, Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban, and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half dæmon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity. It is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base, and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakespeare. He is rude, but not vulgar, he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being, he always speaks in verse. He has picked up every thing dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own, and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts

ment a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapours. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken—his name even bears an allusion to it, as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them simple, allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find in *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Night's Dream*, in *The Tempest*, in the magical part of *Macbeth*, and wherever Shakespeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs, which, it is true, can never be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself.

[In Mr. Froude's "*Characteristics of Women*"]

We might have deemed it impossible to go beyond Viola, Perdita, and Ophelia as pictures of feminine beauty, to exceed the one in tender delicacy, the other in ideal grace, and the last in simplicity, if Shakespeare had not done this, and his done could have done it. Had he never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so del-

icately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment, not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this “Eve of an enchanted Paradise.”

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—“O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!”—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex, he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural, and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that “ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colours of the rainbow lived,” Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, “breathing thoughtful breath,” a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth, but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain or the ocean?—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex, she has never

caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impressions which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician, her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many tinted clouds, and the silent stars. Her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foam to my crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant spirits hovered over her head, ministered dutifully to her every wish and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable as a part of her being, but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal, and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who, never having beheld any thing resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial —

Most sure, the goddess on whom these airs attend!

And age n —

What is this maid?

Is she the goddess who hath set us,  
And brought us thus together?

Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural that as a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, suffering with those that she saw

suffer," and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honour like Juliet, no coy concealments like Viola, no assumed dignity standing in its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quality than an instinct, it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes, while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.

As Miranda, being what she is, could only have had a Ferdinand for a lover, and an Ariel for her attendant, so she could have had with propriety no other father than the majestic and gifted being who fondly claims her as "a thread of his own life—nay, that for which he lives." Prospero, with his magical powers, his superhuman wisdom, his moral worth and grandeur, and his kingly dignity, is one of the most sublime visions that ever swept with ample robes, pale brow, and sceptred hand, before the eye of fancy. He controls the invisible world, and works through the agency of spirits, not by any evil and forbidden compact, but solely by superior might of intellect—by potent spells gathered from the lore of ages, and abjured when he mingles again as a man with his fellow-men. He is as distinct a being from the necromancers and astrologers celebrated in Shakespeare's age as can well be imagined \* and all the wizards of poetry and fiction, even

\* Such as Cornelius Agrippa, Michael Scott, Dr Dee. The last was the contemporary of Shakespeare.

Taust and St Leon sink into commonplaces before the princely, the philosophic, the benevolent Prospero

[From Hazlitt's "*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* \*]

*The Tempest* is one of the most original and perfect of Shakespeare's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art, and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," yet that part which is only the fantastic creation of his mind has the same palpable texture, and coheres "semblably" with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding, his daughter Miranda ("worthy of that name"), to whom all the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle: the princely Ferdinand, cast by fate upon the haven of his happiness in this idol of his love, the delicate Ariel, the savage Caliban, half brute half demon: the drunken ship's crew—are all connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea, the airy music, the tempest-tossed vessel, the turbulent waves all have the effect of the landscape background of some fine picture. Shakespeare's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) "like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in." Everything is him, though it partakes of "the liberty of wit," is also subjected to "the law" of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made

\* 111 ed., Wm. Carew Hazlitt, London, 1869 p. 82 foll.

reeling ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the wind and waves. These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play, but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison.

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespeare's characters, whose deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meanesses of custom. It is "of the earth, earthy." It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition, as fashion is the commonplace affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it. Schlegel, the admirable German critic of Shakespeare, observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse."

In conducting Stephano and Trinculo to Prospero's cell, Caliban shows the superiority of natural capacity over greater knowledge and greater folly, and in a former scene, when Ariel frightens them with his music, Caliban, to encourage them, accounts for it in the eloquent poetry of the senses.



Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not  
No time - a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about your ears, and sometimes voices  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again - and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd  
I cried to dream again

This is not more beautiful than it is true. The poet here shows us the savage with the simplicity of a child. Shakespeare had to paint the human animal rude and without choice in its pleasures, but not without the sense of pleasure or some germin of the affections. Master Barnardine, in *Measure for Measure*, the savage of civilized life, is an admirable philosophical counterpart to Caliban.

Shakespeare has, as it were by design, drawn off from Caliban the elements of whatever is ethereal and refined, to compound them in the unearthly mould of Ariel. Nothing was ever more finely conceived than this contrast between the material and the spiritual, the gross and delicate. Ariel is imaginary power, the swiftness of thought personified. When told to make good speed by Prospero, he says, "I drink the air before me." This is something like Puck's boast on a similar occasion, 'I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.' But Ariel differs from Puck in having a fellow-feeling in the interests of those he is employed about. How requisite is the following dialogue between him and Prospero.

*But* Your charm so strongly works them,  
 That if you now behold them your affections  
 Would become tender

I say, "Dost thou think so, spirit?"  
 And mine could, sir, & ere I burn  
 And mine shall.  
 "I say, thou, which art but air, & touch, & feeling  
 Of heat, didst not, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply  
 Passion as they, be kinder moved than thou art ?

It has been observed that there is a peculiar charm in the songs introduced in Shakespeare, which, without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals. There is this effect produced by Ariel's songs, which (as we are told) seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible.

[From Franz Horn's "*Shakespeare's Schauspiele Erläutert*"\*]

In Prospero we have a delineation of peculiar profundity. He was once not altogether a just prince, not thoroughly a just man, but he had the disposition to be both. His soul thirsted after knowledge, his mind, sincere in itself, after love, and his fancy, after the secrets of nature, but he forgot, what a prince should least of all forget, that, upon this moving earth, superior acquirements, in order to stand firmly, must be exercised carefully, that the world is full of enemies who can only be subdued by a watchful power and prudence, and that in certain situations the armour ought never to be put off. Thus it became easy for his nearest relation, his brother, with the help of a powerful neighbouring king who could not resist the offered but unjustifiable advantage, to depose him from his dukedom. But as the pure morals of the prince, although they were perhaps but lazily exercised in behalf of his subjects, had nevertheless gained him their love, and the usurper did not dare to make an attack on the lives of the fallen, Prospero saved himself, his daughter, and a part of his magical books, upon a desert island. Here he becomes, what, in its highest sense, he had not yet been, a father and prince. His knowledge extends. Nature listens to him, perhaps because he learned to know and love her more inwardly. Zephyr-like spirits, full of a tender foliolesome humour,

\* Knight's translation, with a few verbal changes.

and rude earth-born gnomes, are compelled to serve him. The whole island is full of wonders, but only such as the fancy willingly receives, of sounds and songs, of merry helpers and comical tormentors. and Prospero shows his great human wisdom particularly in the manner with which he, as the spiritual centre, knows how to conduct his intercourse with friends and foes.

In Caliban there is a curious mixture of devil, man, and beast. He desires evil, not for the sake of evil or from mere wickedness, but because it is *fiagrant*, and because he feels himself oppressed. He is convinced that gross injustice has been done him, and thus he does not rightly feel that what he desires may be wicked. He knows perfectly well how powerful Prospero is, whose art may perhaps even subdue his maternal god Setebos, and that he himself is unfortunately nothing but a slave. Nevertheless, he cannot cease to curse, and certainly with the gusto of a virtuoso in this more than liberal art. Whenever he can find most base and disgusting he surrounds almost artistically with the most inharmonious murmuring and hissing words, and then wishes them to fall upon Prospero and his lovely daughter. He knows very well that all this will help him nothing, but that at night he will have "cramps," and "side-stitches," and be "pinched by urchins," but still he continues to pour out new curses. He has acquired one fixed idea—that the island belonged to his mother and, consequently, now to himself, the crown prince. The greatest horrors are pleasant to him, for he feels them only as jests which break the monotony of his slavery. He laments that he had been prevented from completing a frightful sin. "Would it had been done," etc., and the thought of a murder gives him a real enjoyment, perhaps chiefly on account of the noise and confusion that it would produce.

Recognizing all this, yet our feelings towards him never get to a thorough hatred. We find him only laughably horrible, and as a marvellous, though at bottom a feeble monster.

highly interesting, for we foresee from the first that none of his threats will be fulfilled. Caliban could scarcely at any time have been made out more in detail, but we are well enabled to seize upon the idea of his inner physiognomy from the naked sketch of his external form. He is, with all his foolish rage and wickedness, not entirely vulgar, and though he allows himself to be imposed upon even by his miserable comrades (perhaps only because they are men, and, if ugly, yet handsomer than himself), he everywhere shows more prudence, which is only checked because he considers himself more powerful than he really is. Indeed, he stands far higher than Trinculo and Stephano.

Opposed to him stands Ariel, by no means an ethereal, featureless angel, but as a real airy and frolicsome spirit, agreeable and open, but also capricious, roguish, and, with his other qualities, somewhat mischievous. He is thankful to Prospero for his release from the most confined of all confined situations, but his gratitude is not a natural virtue (we might almost add, not an airy virtue), therefore he must (like man) be sometimes reminded of his debt and held in check. Only the promise of his freedom in two days restores him again to his amiability, and he then finds pleasure in executing the plans of his master with a delightful activity.

We noticed in passing "the featureless angel," and it requires no further indication where to find such beings, for no one will deny that these immortal winged children (so charming in many old German pictures), with their somewhat dull immortal harps, and, if possible, their still more dull and immortal anthems cause a not less immortal tediousness in the works of many poets. Shakespeare did not fall into this error, and it is in the highest degree attractive to observe the various and safe modes in which he manages the marvellous. In the storm he achieves his object by the simplest means, while, as has been already indicated, he represents Nature herself, and certainly justly, as the greatest miracle. When

he has once in his own gentle way led us to believe that Prospero, 'through his high art, is able to overrule Nature—and how willingly do we believe in these higher powers of man'—how completely natural, and, to a certain degree, what each pleasant trifle, and all the wonders which we see playing around us! These higher powers, also are not confined to Prospero alone. Ferdinand and Miranda have, without any enchanted wand or any prolix instruction, full superiority over the wonders of nature, and they allow them to pass around them merely as a delightful drama, for the highest wonder is in their own breasts—love, the pure human, and even on that account holy, love.

In the pure mind and the firm heart, as they are shown in old Gonzalo, are armed with an almost similar power. We never poet, a truly moral man is always amiable, powerful, agreeable, and quietly wards off the snares laid for him. This old Gonzalo is so entirely occupied with his duty, in which alone he finds his pleasure, that he scarcely notices the gnawings of wit with which his opponents persecute him; or, if he observes easily and firmly repels them. What wit indeed has he to bear, who in a sinking ship, has power remaining to soothe himself and others with genuine humour? Shakespeare seems scarcely to recognize a powerless virtue and he depicts it only in cases of need, so everything closes satisfactorily. The pure poetry of nature and genius inspires us, and when we hear Prospero recite his far too modest epilogue, after laying down his enchanted wand, we have no wish to turn our minds to any frivolous thoughts, for the magic we have experienced was too charming and too mighty not to be enduring.

[The *Tempest*'s Interest in the Plot]

The *Tempest* is one of those works for which no other production of the author's prolific fancy could have prepared his reader. It is wholly of a different cast of temper, and mood

of disposition, from those so conspicuous in his gayer comedies, while even the ethical dignity and poetic splendour of *The Merchant of Venice* could not well lead the critic to anticipate the solemn grandeur, the unrivalled harmony and grace, the bold originality, and the grave beauty of *The Tempest*.

There are several respects in which the play thus stands alone as distinguishable in character from any other of its author's varied creations. Without being his work of greatest power, not equalling several other of the dramas in depth of passion, or in the exhibition of the working of the affections, surpassed by others in brilliancy of poetic fancy or exquisite delicacies of expression, it is nevertheless among the most perfect (perhaps, in fact, the most perfect) of all, as a work of art, of the most unbroken unity of effect and sustained majesty of intellect. It is, too—if we can speak of degrees of originality in the productions of this most creative of all poets—the most purely original of his conceptions, deriving nothing of any consequence from any other source for the plot, and without any prototype in literature of the more important personages, or any model for the thoughts and language, beyond the materials presented by actual and living human nature, to be raised and idealized into the “wild and wondrous” forms of Ariel and Caliban, of the majestic Prospero, and, above all, of his peerless daughter. Miranda is a character blending the truth of nature with the most exquisite refinement of poetic fancy, unrivalled even in Shakespeare's own long and beautiful series of portraiture of feminine excellence, and paralleled only by the Eve of Milton, who, I cannot but think, was indirectly indebted for some of her most fascinating attributes to the solitary daughter of Prospero.

Caliban, a being without example or parallel in poetic invention, degraded in mind, as well as in moral affections, below the level of humanity, and yet essentially and purely poetical in all his conceptions and language, is a creation to whose originality and poetic truth every critic, from Dryden

downward, has paid homage. Nor is it a less striking peculiarity that the only buffoon characters and dialogue in the drama are those of the sailors, who seem to be introduced for the single purpose of contrasting the grossness and lowness of civilized vice with the nobler forms of savage and untutored depravity.

It is partly on account of this perfect novelty of invention, and probably still more from the fairy and magical machinery of the plot, that the later critics have designated *The Tempest* as specially belonging to the Romantic Drama. Yet to me it appears, not only in its structure, but in its taste and feeling, to bear a more classical character, and to be more assimilated to the higher Grecian drama, in its spirit, than any other of its author's works, or indeed any other poem of his age. The rules of the Greek stage, as to the unities of time and place, are fully complied with. This cannot well be the result of accident, for in an age of classical translation and learned (even pedantic) imitation, it needed no classical learning to make the unities known to any dramatic author, and as Shakspeare had, in his other plays, totally rejected them, he would seem here to have expressly designed to conform his plot to their laws. But there also appears to me to be something in the poetic character and tone of the drama, approaching to the spirit and manner of the Greek dramatic poetry, which can certainly not be ascribed to intentional imitation, any more than to the unconscious resemblance often produced by habitual familiarity with favourite models. It has nothing of the air of learned and elaborate imitation which, in the works of Tasso, and Milton, and Gray, make the scholar everywhere as perceptible as the poet. But it is the resemblance of solemn thought of calm dignity, of moral wisdom, of the dramatic dialogue in its most majestic form, passing now into the lyrical and now into the didactic or ethical. This resemblance of taste and feeling is rendered more striking by a similar bold and free invention and combination of

poetic diction, making the English language as flexible as the Greek to every shade of thought. In all these respects, the resemblance to antiquity goes just far enough to show that its result is not artificial or intentional, but the result of the same mental causes operating upon the author's poetic temperament and taste at the time, which predominated in forming the "lofty grave tragedians" of ancient Athens.



ARIEL AS A SEA NYMPH





SAFETY

# THE TEMPEST

# *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*

ALONSO, King of Naples.  
 SEBASTIA, his Brother.  
 PROSPERO, the real Duke of Milan.  
 ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.  
 FERDINAND, son of the King of Naples.  
 GONZALO, his honest old Counsellor.  
 ARIEL, } Lords  
 HELENOR, }  
 CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.  
 TRINCULO, a jester.  
 BOULANGER, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship, Boatman, Mariners.  
 MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.  
 ARIEL, an airy Spirit.  
 ILLUSIONS, }  
 CHORUS, } presented by Spirits.  
 VERSES, }  
 REAPERS, }  
 O'er Spirits attending on Prospero.  
 SONGS, }  
 MUSIC, }



## ACT I

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

*Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain*

*Master* Boatswain! *A cheer*

*Boatswain* Here, master: what cheer? *How low*

*Master* Good, speak to th' mariners: fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir on't! *[Exit*

*Enter Mariners*

*Boatswain* Heigh my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!  
 yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to th' master's whistle  
 Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO,  
*and others*

*Alonso* Good boatswain, have care Where's the master?  
 Play the men

*Boatswain* I pray now, keep below

*Antonio* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boatswain* Do you not hear him? You mar our labour.  
 Keep your cabins, you do assist the storm

*Gonzalo* Nay, good, be patient

*Boatswain* When the sea is Hence! What cares these  
 sailors for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! trouble  
 us no'

*Gonzalo* Good yet remember whom thou hast aboard

*Boatswain* None that I love more than myself You are  
 a Counsellor if you can command these elements to silence,  
 and work the peace of the present we will not hand a rope  
 more Use your authority if you cannot give thanks you  
 have liv'd so long and make yourself ready in your cabin  
 for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap—Cheerly, good  
 hearts!—Out of our way I say [Exit]

*Gonzalo* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks  
 he hath no dying mark upon him, his complexion is per-  
 fect gilloway. Stand fast, good Fate to his hanging! Make  
 the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little ad-  
 vantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miser-  
 able. [Exit]

*Enter Boatswain*

*Boatswain* Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower!

Bring her to try wi' th' main-course. [*A cry within*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office —

*Enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown?  
Have you a mind to sink?

*Sebastian* A plague on your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boatswain* Work you, then

*Antonio* Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art

*Gonzalo* I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell

*Boatswain* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses Off to sea again lay her off

*Enter* Mariners wet

*Mariners* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost

*Boatswain*. What! must our mouths be cold

*Gonzalo* The king and prince at prayers! Let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs

*Sebastian* I'm out of patience

*Antonio* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards —

This wide-chapp'd rascal, — would thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

*Gonzalo* He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it,

And gape at wid'st to glut him

[*A confused noise within* "Mercy on us!" —

"We split, we split!" — "Farewell, my wife and children!" —

"Farewell, brother!" — "We split, we split, we split!" —]

*Antonio* Let's all sink wi' th' king

[*Exit*

*Sebastian* Let's take leave of him [Exit

*Gerzalo* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for  
an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing  
The wills above be done' but I would fain die a dry death  
[Exit

SCENE II *The island Before PROSPERO'S cell*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA*

*Miranda* If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them /  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!  
Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
The fraughting souls within her

*Prospero* Be collected  
No more amazement Tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done

*Miranda* O, woe the day!

*Prospero* No harm.  
I have done nothing but in care of thee  
(Of thee, my dear one! thee my daughter!), who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing  
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
Than Prospero master of a full poor cell.  
And thy no greater father.

*Miranda* More to know  
D-d never meddle with my thoughts

*Prospero* 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me — So

*[Lays down his mantle]*  
Lie there, my art — Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort  
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art,  
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink Sit down,  
For thou must now know farther

*Miranda* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd,  
And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
Concluding,—“Stay, not yet”

*Prospero* The hour's now come,  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear  
Obey, and be attentive Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old

*Miranda* Certainly, sir, I can

*Prospero* By what? by any other house or person?  
Of any thing the image tell me that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance

*Miranda* 'Tis far off,  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me?

*Prospero* Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*. But how is it  
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time?  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here thou mayst



*Miranda*

But that I do not

*Prospero* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since.  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power

*Miranda*

Sir are not you my father?

*Prospero* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter, and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir  
And princess no worse issued *withly given*

*Miranda*

O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was it we did?

*Prospero*

Both, both, my girl

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,  
But blessedly help hither *to*

*Miranda*

O, my heart bleeds;

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to, *to*  
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther

*Prospero* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—  
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put  
The manage of my State, as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first, *to*  
(And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
In dignity), and, for the liberal arts,  
Without a parallel, those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my State grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

*Miranda*

Sir, most heedfully *then*

*Prospero* Being once perfected how to grant suits  
How to deny them who t'advance and who  
'To trash for over-topping new created

The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
 Or else new form'd 'em, having both the key  
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' State  
 To what tune pleas'd his ear, that now he was  
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
 And suck'd my verdure out on't — Thou attend'st not

*Miranda* O, good sir, I do!

*Prospero* I pray thee, mark me  
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
 With that which, but by being so retir'd,  
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother  
 Awak'd an evil nature, and my trust,  
 Like a good parent, did beget of him  
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
 As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,  
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
 But what my power might else exact ~~like one~~,  
 Who having unto truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory,  
 To credit his own lie — he did believe  
 He was indeed the duke, out o' th' substitution,  
 And executing th' outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative — hence his ambition  
 Growing, — dost thou hear?

*Miranda* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Prospero* To have no screen between this part he play'd —  
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be ~~look'd on~~  
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! — my library  
 Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties  
 He thinks me now incapable, confederates  
 (So dry he was for sway) wi' th' King of Naples  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend'

# THE TEMPEST

'The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!),  
To most ignoble stooping

*Miranda* O the heavens!

*Prospero* Mark his condition, and th' event, then tell me  
If this might be a brother

*Miranda* I should sin  
To think but nobly of my grandmother  
Good wombs have borne bad sons

*Prospero* Now the condition.  
This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' th' premises,  
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Iated to th' purpose, did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan, and, i' th' dead of darkness,  
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self

*Miranda* Alack, for pity!  
I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to't

*Prospero* Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon 's, without the which this story  
Were most impertinent

*Miranda* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us?

*Prospero* Well demanded, wench!  
My tale provokes that question Dear, they durst not,  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business, but

ACT I SCENE II.

With colors fairer painted their foul ends  
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
 Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd  
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast, the very rats  
 Instinctively have quit it There they hoist us,  
 To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us, to sigh  
 To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
 Did us but loving wrong *increased our*.

*Miranda* Alack, what trouble  
 Was I then to you!

*Prospero* O, a cherubin *angel*  
 Thou wast, that did preserve me Thou did'st smile,  
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven, *from above*  
 When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
 Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me  
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue

*Miranda* How came we ashore?

*Prospero*. By Providence divine  
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
 Out of his charity (who being then appointed  
 Master of this design), did give us, with  
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,  
 Which since have steaded much So, of his gentleness,  
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
 From mine own library, with volumes that  
 I prize above my dukedom.

*Miranda* Would I might  
 But ever see that man!

*Prospero* Now I arise —  
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow  
 Here in this island we arriv'd, and here  
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit

Than other princess can, that have more time  
 For auner hours and tutors not so careful

*Miranda* Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you,

SIR

(I or still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason  
 For raising this sea-storm?

*Prospero*

Know thus far forth;

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune

(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore, and by my prescience

I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes

Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions

Thou art inclin'd to sleep, 'tis a good dulness,

And give it way — I know thou canst not choose —

[*Miranda sleeps*]

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now

Approach, my Ariel, come!

*Enter ARIEL*

*Ariel* All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come

To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

On the curl'd clouds to thy strong bidding task

Ariel and all his quality

*Prospero*

Hast thou, spirit,

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ariel* To every article

I boarded the king's ship, now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

I flam'd amazement sometime I'd divide,

And burn in many places, on the topmast,

The yards, and bow-sprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet and join Jove's lightnings, the precursors!

O' th' dreadful thunder claps, more momentary  
 And sight-outrunning were not <sup>the</sup> fire and cracks  
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
 Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
 Yea, his dread trident shake.) *re-enter*

*Prospero.* My brave spirit!  
 Who was so firm so constant, that this coil  
 Would not infect his reason?

*Ariel* Not a soul  
 But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
 Some tricks of desperation All but mariners  
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
 Then all afire with me the king's son, Ferdinand,  
 With hair up-starting,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
 Was the first man that leap'd, cried, "Hell is emp  
 And all the devils are here."

*Prospero* Why, that's my spirit!  
 But was not this nigh shore?

*Ariel* Close by, my master

*Prospero* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ariel.* Not a hair perish'd,

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
 But fresher than before and, as thou bad'st me,  
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle  
 The king's son have I landed by himself,  
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
 His arms in this sad knot

*Prospero* Of the king's ship  
 The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,  
 And all the rest o' th' fleet

*Ariel* Safely in harbour  
 Is the king's ship, in the deep nook, where once  
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
 From the still-ex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid,

The mariners all under hatches stow'd ,  
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
 I have left asleep and for the rest o' th' fleet,  
 Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,  
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
 Bound sadly home for Naples,  
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,  
 And his great person perish

*Prospero* Ariel, thy charge  
 Exactly is perform'd , but there's more work  
 What is the time o' th' day ?

*Ariel* Past the mid season

*Prospero* At least two glasses The time 'twixt six and  
 now

Must by us both be spent most precious

*Ariel* Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,  
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
 Which is not yet perform'd me

*Prospero* How now ? moody ?  
 What is't thou canst demand ?

*Ariel.* My liberty

*Prospero* Before the time be out ? no more !

*Ariel* I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service ,  
 Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd  
 Without or grudge or grumblings Thou didst promise  
 To bate me a full year

*Prospero* Dost thou forget  
 From what a torment I did free thee ?

*Ariel* No

*Prospero* Thou dost ; and think'st it much to tread the  
 Of the salt deep,  
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
 To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,  
 When it is bak'd with frost

*Ariel* I do not, sir

*Prospero* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy,  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her? *hast*

*Ariel* No, sir

*Prospero* Thou hast Where was she born? speak:

*Ariel* Sir, in Argier [tell me

*Prospero* O, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible *magic*  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd for one thing she did,  
They would not take her life Is not this true?

*Ariel* Ay, sir

*Prospero* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by th' sailors Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant,  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage, *was*  
Into a cloven pine, within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years, within which space she died,  
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike Then was this island—  
Save for the son that she did litter here, *Jane birth*  
A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape

*Ariel* Yes, Caliban her son

*Prospero* Dull thing, I say so, he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in, thy groans



I'd make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
 Of ever angry bears. It was a torment  
 To lay upon the dam'd which Sycorax  
 Could not again undo. It was mine art,  
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
 The pine, and let thee out.

*Arct.* I thank thee, master

*Prospero* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters

Ann' Pardon, master

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my springing gently

*Phosphor* Do so, and after two days  
I will discharge thee

*And*                      That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what, what shall I do?

*Prospero* Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea be  
subject

To no sight but thine and mine , invisible  
To every eyeball else      Go, take this shape,  
And hither come in I      go, hence with diligence !—

[Exit Ariel]

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well,  
Awake !

*Miranda* The strangeness of your story put a  
Heavenness in me

*Prospero*      Shake it off   Come on,  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer

*Alonzo* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on

*Prospero* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him—he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices

That profit us —What, ho ! slave ! Caliban !

Thou earth, thou ! speak

*Caliban* [within] There's wood enough within

*Prospero* Come forth, I say ! there's other business for thee  
Come, thou tortoise ! when?—

*Enter* ARIEL, *like a water-nymph*

Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel, *delicate*  
Hark in thine ear

*Ariel* My lord, it shall be done [Exit

*Prospero* Thou poisonous slave, come foill

*Enter* CALIBAN

*Caliban* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er ! *conceal*

*Prospero* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps, *h*  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up, uichins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee, thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging .  
Than bees that made 'em

*Caliban* I must eat my dinner  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me When thou camest first,  
Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me, wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night and then I lov'd thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile  
Cursed be I that did so ! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !  
For I am all the subjects that you have,

Which first was mine own king, and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, wiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' th' island

*Prospero* Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,  
I lilt as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child

*Caliban* O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!  
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans

*Prospero* Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
'Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known But thy vile race,  
'Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with, therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison

*Caliban* You taught me language, and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse The red plague rid you  
I or learning me your language!

*Prospero* Hag-seed, hence!  
Fetch us in fuel and be quick thou'rt best,  
To answer other business Shrugst thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
I'll all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din

*Caliban* No, pray thee.  
[As if.] I must obey his art is of such power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
And make a vassal of him

*Prospero*

So, slave, hence! [*Exit Caliban*]

*Enter FERDINAND, and ARIEL (invisible), playing and singing*

ARIEL — Song

*Come unto these yellow sands,*

*And then take hands*

*Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd*

*The wild waves whist, —*

*Foot it featly here and there, —*

*And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear*

Burthen [dispersedly] *Hark, hark!*

*Bowgh-wawgh.*

*The watch-dogs bark*

*Bowgh-wawgh*

ARIEL *Hark, hark! I hear*

*The strain of strutting chanticleer*

*Cry, Cock-a-didle-dow*

*Ferdinand* Where should this music be? i' th' air or th'  
It sounds no more, — and, sure, it waits upon [earth? —  
Some god o' th' island Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wrack, —  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With it's sweet air thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather But 'tis gone —  
No, it begins again

ARIEL — Song

*Full fathom five thy father lies,*

*Of his bones are coral made,*

*Those are pearls that were his eyes*

*Nothing of him that doth fade,*

*But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.*

[Burthen] *Ding-dong*  
*Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell*

*Ferdinand* The ditty does remember my drown'd father. ?  
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
 That the earth owes—I hear it now above me

*Prospero* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
 And say what thou seest yond

*Miranda* What is't? a spirit?  
 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
 It carries a brave form But 'tis a spirit

*Prospero* No, wench, it eats and sleeps and hath such  
 As we have—such This gallant which thou seest [senses  
 Was in the wrack, and, but he's something stain'd  
 With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him  
 A goodly person He hath lost his fellows,  
 And strays about to find 'em

*Miranda* I might call him  
 A thing divine, for nothing natural  
 I ever saw so noble.

*Prospero* [Aside] It goes on, I see  
 As my soul prompts it—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee  
 Within two days for this

*Ferdinand* Most sure, the goddess  
 On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer  
 May know if you remain upon this island,  
 And that you will some good instruction give  
 How I may bear me here my prime request,  
 Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!  
 If you be maid or no?

*Miranda* No wonder, sir;  
 But certainly a maid

*Ferdinand* My language ! heavens !—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken

*Prospero* How ? the best ?  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

*Ferdinand* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples He does hear me,  
And that he does I weep myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wrack'd

*Miranda* Alack, for mercy !

*Ferdinand* Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan  
And his brave son being twain

*Prospero* [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan,  
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't —At the first sight  
They have chang'd eyes —Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this —[*To him*] A word, good sir  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong a word

*Miranda* Why speaks my father so ungently ? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for, pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way !

*Ferdinand* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples

*Prospero* Soft, su ! one word more —  
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers but this swift  
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light —[*To him*] One word more, I charge  
That thou attend me Thou dost here usurp ~~claim~~ [thee  
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't

*Ferdinand* No, as I am a man

*Miranda* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Prospero* [*To Ferdinand*] Follow me —  
Speak not you for him, he's a traitor — Come,  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together  
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be  
'Til the fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled Follow

*Ferdinand* No,  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving*]

*Miranda* O dear father!  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful

*Prospero* What! I say,  
My foot my tutor? — Put thy sword up, traitor,  
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience  
Is so possess'd with guilt come from thy ward,  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop

*Miranda* Beseech you, father!

*Prospero* Hence! hang not on my garments

*Miranda* Sir, have pity;  
I'll be his surety

*Prospero* Silence! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee What!  
An advocate for an impostor! hush!  
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban foolish wench!  
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels

*Miranda* My afflictions

Are, then, most humble, I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man

*Prospero* [*To Ferdinand*] Come on, obey  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them

*Ferdinand* So they are  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid All corners else o' th' earth  
Let liberty make use of, space enough  
Have I in such a prison

*Prospero* [*Aside*] It works [*To Ferdinand*] Come on —  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me —  
[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me

*Miranda* Be of comfort  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech this is unwonted  
Which now came from him

*Prospero* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds but then exactly do —  
All points of my command

*Ariel* To the syllable

*Prospero* Come, follow — Speak not for him [*Exeunt.*]





## ACT II

### SCENE I *Another part of the island*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,  
FRANCISCO, and others*

*Gonzalo* Beseech you, sir, be merry you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy, for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss Our hint of woe  
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,

The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,  
 Have just our theme of woe, but for the miracle—  
 I mean our preservation—few in millions  
 Can speak like us then wisely, good sir, weigh  
 Our sorrow with our comfort

*Alonso.*

Prithee, peace

*Sebastian* He receives comfort like cold porridge

*Antonio* The visitor will not give him o'er so

*Sebastian* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by  
 and by it will strike

*Gonzalo* Sir,—

*Sebastian* One tell

*Gonzalo* When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,  
 Comes to the entertainer—

*Sebastian.* A dollâr

*Gonzalo* Dolour comes to him, indeed you have spoken  
 truer than you purpos'd

*Sebastian* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you  
 should

*Gonzalo* Therefore, my lord,—

*Antonio* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alonso* I prithee, spare

*Gonzalo* Well, I have done but yet,—

*Sebastian* He will be talking

*Antonio* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first be-  
 gins to crow?

*Sebastian* The old cock

*Antonio* The cockerel

*Sebastian* Done The wager?

*Antonio* A laughter

*Sebastian* A match!

*Adrian* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Antonio* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sebastian* So, you're paid

*Adrian* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Sebastian* Yet,—

*Adrian* Yet,—

*Antonio* He could not miss't

*Adrian* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance

*Antonio* Temperance was a delicate wench

*Sebastian* Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd

*Adrian* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly

*Sebastian* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones

*Antonio* Or as twere perfum'd by a fen.

*Gonzalo* Here is every thing advantageous to life

*Antonio* True, save means to live

*Sebastian* Of that there's none, or little

*Gonzalo* How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Antonio* The ground, indeed, is tawny

*Sebastian* With an eye of green in't

*Antonio* He misses not much

*Sebastian* No, he doth but mistake the truth totally

*Gonzalo* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

*Sebastian* As many vouch'd rarities are

*Gonzalo* That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water

*Antonio* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

*Sebastian* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report

*Gonzalo* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis

*Sebastian* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return

*Adrian* Tunis was never grac'd before with such a parragon to their queen

*Gonzalo* Not since widow Dido's time

*Antonio* Widow! a plague o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

*Sebastian* What if he had said widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

*Adrian* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that she was of Carthage, not of Tunis

*Gonzalo* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage

*Adrian* Carthage?

*Gonzalo* I assure you, Carthage

*Antonio* His word is more than the miraculous harp!

*Sebastian* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too

*Antonio* What impossible matter will he make easy next

*Sebastian* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple

*Antonio* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands

*Gonzalo* Ay?

*Antonio* Why, in good time.

*Gonzalo* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen

*Antonio* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Sebastian* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Antonio* O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido

*Gonzalo* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort

*Antonio* That sort was well fish'd for!

*Gonzalo* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alonso* You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense Would I had never  
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,  
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy remov'd  
I ne'er again shall see her O thou mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

*Francisco* Sir, he may live.  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs, he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him, his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
As stooping to relieve him I not doubt,  
He came alive to land

*Alonso* No, no, he's gone

*Sebastian* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
Th' it would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an African,  
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't

*Alonso* Prithce, peace

*Sebastian* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,  
By all of us, and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end o' th' beam she'd bow We have lost your son,  
I fear, forever Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making,  
Than we bring men to comfort them. the fault's  
Your own

*Alonso* So is the dear'st o' th' loss

*Gonzalo* My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*Sebastian* Very well

*Antonio* And most chirurgeonly

*Gonzalo* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

*Sebastian* Foul weather?

*Antonio* Very foul

*Gonzalo* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

*Antonio* He'd sow't with nettle-seed

*Sebastian* Or docks, or mallows.

*Gonzalo* And were the king on't, what would I do?

*Sebastian* Scape being drunk, for want of wine

*Gonzalo* I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things, for no kind of traffic

Would I admit, no name of magistrate,

Letters should not be known, riches, poverty,

And use of service, none, contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none,

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil,

No occupation, all men idle, all,

And women too, but innocent and pure,

No sovereignty,—

*Sebastian* Yet he would be king on't

*Antonio* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning

*Gonzalo* All things in common nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavour treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have, but nature should bring forth,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent people

*Sebastian* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Antonio* None, man, all idle, whores and knaves.

*Gonzalo* I would with such perfection govern, sir,

T' excel the golden age.

*Sebastian* Save his majesty!

*Antonio* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gonzalo* And,—do you mark me, sir?—

*Alonso* Prithee, no more thou dost talk nothing to me

*Gonzalo* I do well believe your highness, and did it to!

minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing

*Antonio* Twas you we laugh'd at

*Gonzalo* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still

*Antonio* What a blow was there given !

*Sebastian* An it had not fallen flat-long

*Gonzalo* You are gentlemen of brave mettle you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing

*Enter ARIEL (invisible) playing solemn music.*

*Sebastian* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling

*Antonio* Nay, good my lord, be not angry

*Gonzalo* No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

*Antonio* Go sleep, and hear us

*[All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio]*

*Alonso* What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts I find They are inclin'd to do so

*Sebastian* Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it  
It seldom visits sorrow, when it doth,  
It is a comforter

*Antonio* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety

*Alonso* Thank you — Wondrous heavy

*[Alonso sleeps Exit Ariel]*

*Sebastian* What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

*Antonio* It is the quality o' th' climate

*Sebastian*

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself dispos'd to sleep

*Antonio* Nor I, my spirits are numble  
They fell together all, as by consent,  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke What might,  
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more —  
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be th' occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head

*Sebastian* What, art thou waking?

*Antonio* Do you not hear me speak?

*Sebastian* I do, and surely  
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open, standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep

*Antonio* Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather, wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking

*Sebastian* Thou dost snore distinctly,  
There's meaning in thy snores

*Antonio* I am more serious than my custom you  
Must be so too, if heed me, which to do,  
Trebles thee or

*Sebastian* Well, I am standing water

*Antonio* I'll teach you how to flow

*Sebastian* Do so to ebb  
Hereditary sloth instructs me

*Antonio* O,  
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men indeed  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth





So is she heir of Naples , 'twixt which regions  
There is some space

*Antonio*                      A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, " How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples ? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake " Say, this were death  
That now hath seiz'd them , why, they were no worse  
Than now they are There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat O, that you bore  
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

*Sebastian* Methinks I do

*Antonio*                      And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune ?

*Sebastian*                      I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero

*Antonio*                      True

And look how well my garments sit upon me ,  
Much feater than before My brother's servants  
Were then my fellows, now they are my men

*Sebastian* But, for your conscience—

*Antonio* Ay, sir , where lies that ? If 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper , but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom Twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,  
' And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like,—that's dead ,  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed forever , whiles you, doing thus,  
' To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course For all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk,  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour

*Sebastian* Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent, as thou got'st Milan,  
 I'll come by Naples Draw thy sword one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,  
 And I the king shall love thee

*Antonio* Draw together,  
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
 To fall it on Gonzalo

*Sebastian* O, but one word [*They talk apart*]

*Enter ARIEL, with music and song*

*Ariel* My master through his art foresees the danger  
 That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth,—  
 For else his project dies,—to keep thee living

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,  
 Open eyed conspiracy  
 His time doth take  
 If of life you keep a care,  
 Shake off slumber, and beware  
 Awake! Awake!*

*Antonio* Then let us both be sudden

*Gonzalo* Now, good angels preserve the king!  
 [*They wake*]

*Alonso* Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?  
 Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gonzalo* What's the matter?

*Sebastian* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
 I even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
 Like bulls, or rather lions. didn't not wake you?  
 It struck mine ear most terribly

*Alonso* I heard nothing

*Antonio* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions

*Alonso* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gonzalo* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,—  
And that a strange one too,—which did awake me  
I shak'd you, sir, and cried as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn —there was a noise,  
That's verily 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place let's draw our weapons

*Alonso* Lead off this ground, and let's make further search  
For my poor son

*Gonzalo* Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

*Alonso* Lead away

*Ariel* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son [Exeunt

SCENE II *Another part of the island*

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burthen of wood* A noise of thunder  
heard

*Caliban* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,  
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em but  
For every trifle are they set upon me,  
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,  
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
'Their pricks at my footfall, sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness —

*Enter TRINCULO*

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat,  
Perchance he will not mind me

*Trinculo* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any  
weather at all, and another storm brewing I hear it sing i'  
th' wind Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like  
a foul bombard that would shed his liquor If it should thun-  
der as it did before, I know not where to hide my head yond  
same cloud cannot choose but fall by painfuls — What have  
we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish he smells  
like a fish, a very ancient and fish-like smell, a kind of, not  
of the newest, Poor-John A strange fish! Were I in En-  
gland now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not  
a holiday fool there but would give a pece of silver there  
would this monster make a man any strange beast there  
makes a man When they will not give aid to relieve a  
same beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian  
lugg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my  
troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer  
this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a  
thunderbolt [*Thunder*] Alas, the storm is come again! my  
best way is to creep under his giberdine, there is no other  
shelter hereabout Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-  
fellows I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing a bottle in his hand*

Stephano I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral Well,  
here's my comfort —

[*Drinks*]

who were

[Sings] *The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margey,  
But none of us car'd for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a lang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!  
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang*

This is a scurvy tune too, but here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

*Caliban.* Do not torment me —O!

*Stephano* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon s with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drowning to be afeard now of your four legs, for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground, and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils

*Caliban* The spirit torments me —O!

*Stephano* This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather *Q. E. D.*

*Caliban* Do not torment me, prithee, I'll bring my wood home faster

*Stephano* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest He shall taste of my bottle if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him, he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly

*Caliban* Thou dost me yet but little hurt, thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling now Prosper works upon thee

*Stephano* Come on your ways, open your mouth, here is that which will give language to you, cat Open your mouth, this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that

soundly you cannot tell who's your friend open your chaps tr again

*Trinculo* I should know that voice it should be—but he is drown'd, and these are devils —O, defend me!

*Stephano* Four legs and two voices! a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his widge. Come —Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth

*Trinculo* Stephano!

*Stephano* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster I will leave him, I have no long spoon

*Trinculo* Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo

*Stephano* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth I'll pull thee by the lesser legs if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trinculo* I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke — But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd?

*Stephano* Prithce, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constraint

*Caliban* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites That's a brave god, and bears celestrial liquor I will kneel to him

*Stephano* How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle!—which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore

*Caliban* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject,  
For the liquor is not earthly

*Stephano* Here, swear, then, how thou escapedst

*Trinculo* Swam ashore, man, like a duck I can swim like  
a duck, I'll be sworn

*Stephano* Here, kiss the book Though thou canst swim;  
like a duck, thou art made like a goose

*Trinculo* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Stephano* The whole butt, man my cellar is in a rock by  
th' sea-side, where my wine is hid How now, moon-calf!  
how does thine ague?

*Caliban* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

*Stephano* Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee I was the  
man i' th' moon when time was

*Caliban* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee  
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush

*Stephano* Come, swear to that, kiss the book I will fur-  
nish it anon with new contents swear

*Trinculo* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!  
—I afeard of him!—A very weak monster!—The man i' th'  
moon!—A most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, mon-  
ster, in good sooth!

*Caliban* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island,  
And I will kiss thy foot I prithee, be my god

*Trinculo* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken mon-  
ster! When's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle

*Caliban* I'll kiss thy foot, I'll swear myself thy subject

*Stephano* Come on, then, down, and swear

*Trinculo* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-head-  
ed monster A most scurvy monster! I could find in my  
heart to beat him,—

*Stephano* Come, kiss

*Trinculo* But that the poor monster's in drink An abom-  
inable monster! [berries,

*Caliban* I'll show thee the best springs, I'll pluck thee



I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough  
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
 'Thou wondrous man

*Trinculo* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of  
 a poor drunkard!

*Caliban* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,  
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,  
 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
 To snare the nimble marmoset I'll bring thee  
 To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
 Young scamels from the rock Wilt thou go with me?

*Stephano* I prithee now, lead the way without any more  
 talking — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being  
 drown'd, we will inherit here — Here, bear my bottle — Fel-  
 low Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Caliban* [*sings drunkenly*] Farewell, master, farewell, fare-  
 well!

*Trinculo* A howling monster, a drunken monster!

*Caliban* No more dams I'll make for fish,  
*Nor fetch in firing*  
*At requiring,*

*Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish*  
*Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban*

*Has a new master — get a new man*

Freedom, hey day! hey day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, free-  
 dom!

*Stephano* O brave monster! Lead the way [*Exeunt*



## ACT III

### SCENE I *Before PROSPERO'S cell*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log*

*Ferdinand* There be some sports are painful, and their la-  
Delight in them sets off some kinds of baseness [bour  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters *ferdinand*



*Prospero* Poor worm, thou art infected !  
This visitation shows it

*Miranda* You look wearily

*Ferdinand* No, noble mistress , 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night I do beseech you,—  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—  
What is your name ?

*Miranda* Miranda —O my father,  
I have broken your hest to say so !

*Ferdinand* Adm'd Miranda !  
Indeed the top of admiration , worth  
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time  
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear For several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women , never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best !

*Miranda* I do not know  
One of my sex , no woman's face I remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own , nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
And my dear father How features are abroad,  
I am skilless of , but, by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dowry, I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you ,  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of — But I prattle (   
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget

*Ferdinand* I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda , I do think, a king ,—



*Miranda* And mine, with my heart in't and now farewell  
'Till half an hour hence

*Ferdinand* A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda*]

*Prospero* So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surpris'd with all, but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
Much business appertaining [Exit]

SCENE II *Another part of the island*

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.*

*Stephano* Tell not me — when the butt is out, we will  
drink water, not a drop before therefore bear up, and  
board 'em    *Servant-monster*, drink to me

*Trinculo* *Servant-monster* ! the folly of this island ! They  
say there's but five upon this isle we are three of them, if  
th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters

*Stephano* Drink, *servant-monster*, when I bid thee thy  
eyes are almost set in thy head

*Trinculo* Where should they be set else ? he were a brave  
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail

*Stephano* My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in  
sack for my part, the sea cannot drown me, I swam, ere I  
could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on,  
by this light !—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my  
standard

*Trinculo*. Your lieutenant, if you list, he's no standard

*Stephano* We'll not run, *Monsieur Monster*—

*Trinculo* Nor go neither, but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet  
say nothing neither

*Stephano* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a  
good moon-calf

*Caliban* How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe  
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant

*Trinculo* Thou liest, most ignorant monster I am in case to juggle a constable Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

*Caliban* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trinculo* Lord, quoth he!—That a monster should be such a natural!

*Caliban* Lo lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee

*Stephano* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity

*Caliban* I thank my noble lord Wilt thou be pleased To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Stephano* Marry, will I kneel and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo

*Enter ARIEL, invisible*

*Caliban* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the island

*Ariel* Thou liest

*Caliban* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie

*Stephano* Trinculo if you trouble him any more in s tale, by this hand I will supplant some of your teeth

*Trinculo* Why, I said nothing

*Stephano* Mum, then, and no more—Proceed

*Caliban*. I say, by sorcery he got this isle, From me he got it If thy greatness will, Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not

*Stephano* That's most certain

*Caliban* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee

*Stephano* How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Caliban* Yea, yea, my lord I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head

*Ariel* Thou liest, thou canst not

*Caliban* What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!— I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him when that's gone, He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are

*Stephano* Trinculo, run into no further danger interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee

*Trinculo* Why, what did I? I did nothing I'll go farther off

*Stephano* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ariel* Thou liest

*Stephano* Do I so? take thou that [*Beats him*] As you like this, give me the lie another time

*Trinculo* I did not give the lie Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Caliban* Ha, ha, ha!

*Stephano* Now, forward with your tale—Prithee stand further off

*Caliban* Beat him enough after a little time, I'll beat him too

*Stephano* Stand farther—Come, proceed.

*Caliban* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep there thou mayst brain him, Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his <sup>navels</sup> wezand with thy knife Remember First to possess his books, for without them



He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
 One spirit to command they all do hate him  
 As rootedly as I Burn but his books  
 He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—  
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal  
 And that most deeply to consider is  
 The beauty of his daughter He himself  
 Calls her a nonpareil I never saw a woman,  
 But only Sycorax my dam and she,  
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
 As greit'st does least

*Stephano* Is it so brave a lass?

*Caliban* Ay, lord she will become thy bed, I warrant,  
 And bring thee forth brave brood

*Stephano* Monster, I will kill this man his daughter and  
 I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo  
 and thyself shall be viceroys Dost thou like the plot, Trin-  
 culo?

*Trinculo* Excellent

*Stephano* Give me thy hand I am sorry I beat thee, but,  
 while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head

*Caliban* Within this half hour will he be asleep  
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Stephano* Ay, on mine honour

*Ariel* This will I tell my master.

*Caliban* Thou mak'st me merry, I am full of pleasure.  
 Let us be jocund will you troll the catch  
 You taught me but while-ere?

*Stephano* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any  
 reason—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing [Sings.

*First 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout em,  
 'Tisought is free*

*Caliban* That's not the tune

[*Ariel plays the tune on a lute and pipe*

*Stephano* What is this same ?

*Trinculo* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody

*Stephano* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness. if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list

*Trinculo* O, forgive me my sins !

*Stephano* He that dies pays all debts I defy thee — Mercy upon us !

*Caliban* Art thou afeard ?

*Stephano* No, monster, not I

*Caliban* Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,  
I cried to dream again

*Stephano* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing

*Caliban* When Prospero is destroy'd

*Stephano* That shall be by and by I remember the story.

*Trinculo* The sound is going away, let's follow it, and after do our work

*Stephano* Lead, monster, we'll follow — I would I could see this taborer, he lays it on

*Trinculo* Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano [Exit

### SCENE III *Another part of the island*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,  
FRANCISCO, and others

*Gonzalo* By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;  
My old bones aches ' here's a maze trod, indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders<sup>1</sup> By your patience,  
I needs must rest me

*Alonso* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who in myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits sit down, and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer he is drown'd  
Whom thus we strive to find and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land Well, let him go

*Antonio* [*Aside to Sebastian*] I am right glad that he's so  
out of hope

Do not for one repulse forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Sebastian* [*Aside to Antonio*] The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly

*Antonio* [*Aside to Sebastian*] Let it be to-night,  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh

*Sebastian* [*Aside to Antonio*] I say, to night: no more  
[*Solemn and strange music*]

*Alonso* What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!

*Gonzalo* Mirvelloous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above invisible* *Enter several strange Shapes,*  
*bringing in a banquet they dance about it with gull actions*  
*of salutation, and, waiting the King, etc to eat, they depart*

*Alonso* Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?

*Sebastian* A living drollery Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns: that in Arabia  
There is one tree the phoenix' throne, one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there

*Enter* I'll believe both,  
And what else does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true travelers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em

*Gonzalo*

If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders,—

For, certes, these are people of the island,—

Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find

Many, nay, almost any

*Prospero* [*Aside*]

Honest lord,

Thou hast said well, for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

*Alonso*

I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—

Although they want the use of tongue—a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse

*Prospero* [*Aside*]

Praise in departing

*Francisco* They vanish'd strangely*Sebastian*

No matter, since

They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs —

Will't please you taste of what is here?

*Alonso*

Not I

*Gonzalo* Faith, sir, you need not fear When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us

Good warrant of

*Alonso*

I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last no matter, since I feel

The best is past — Brother, my lord the duke,

Stand to, and do as we

*Thunder and lightning Enter ARIEL, like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes*



*Prospero* [*Aside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel, a grace it had, devouring.  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say so, with good life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done My high charms wo...,  
And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions they now are in my power,  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—  
And his and mine lov'd darling [*Exit above*]

*Gonzalo* I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare?

*Alonso* O, it is monstrous, monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it,  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass  
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded [*Exit*]

*Sebastian* But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er

*Antonio.* I'll be thy second  
[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio*]

*Gonzalo* All three of them are desperate then great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits—I do beseech you  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to

*Adrian* Follow, I pray you [*Exeunt.*]



## ACT IV

SCENE I *Before PROSPERO'S cell*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Prospero* If I have too austere<sup>ly</sup> punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,

O! that for which I live who once again  
 I tender to thy hand All thy vexations  
 Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
 Hast strangely stood the test here, afore Heaven,  
 I ratify this my rich gift O Ferdinand,  
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
 And make it halt behind her

*Ferdinand* I do believe it  
 Against an oracle

*Prospero* Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition  
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter but  
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
 To make this contract grow, but barren hate,  
 Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew  
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
 That you shall hate it both therefore, take heed,  
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you

*Ferdinand* As I hope  
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
 Our worsest genius can, shall never melt  
 Mine honour into lust, to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration  
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
 Or night kept chain'd below

*Prospero* Fairly spoke  
 Sit then and talk with her, she is thine own —  
 What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!



*Enter ARIEL*

*Ariel* What would my potent master? here I am

*Prospero* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
Didst worthily perform, and I must use you  
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place  
Incite them to quick motion, for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ariel* Presently?

*Prospero* Ay, with a twink

*Ariel* Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'  
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow —  
Do you love me, master? no?

*Prospero* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ariel* Well, I conceive [Exit]

*Prospero* Look thou be true, do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw  
To th' fire i' th' blood; be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night your vow!

*Lordmund* I warrant you, sir;  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Prospero* Well —  
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit appear, and pertly! —  
No tongue! all eyes! be silent [Soft music]

*Enter IRIS*

*Iris* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ,  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
 And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ,  
 Thy banks with pioned and liled brims,  
 Which spongy April at thy best betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns , and thy broom groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn , thy pole-clipt vineyard ,  
 And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air,—the queen.o' th' sky,  
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
Bids thee leave these , and with her sovereign grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport—Her peacocks fly amain  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain

*Enter CERES*

*Ceres* Hail, many-colour d messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ,  
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ,  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
 My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth ! Why hath thy queen  
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

*Iris* A contract of true love to celebrate ,  
 And some donation freely to estate  
 On the blest lovers

*Ceres* Tell me, heavenly bow,  
 If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
 Do now attend the queen ? Since they did plot  
 The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,  
 Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
 I have forsworn

*Iris* Of her society

Be not afraid I met her deity  
 Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
 Dore-drawn with her Here thought they to have done  
 Some wondrous charm upon this man and maid,  
 Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted but in vain,  
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again,  
 Her waspish headed son has broke his arrows,  
 Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows,  
 And be a boy right out.

*Ceres* Highest queen of state,  
 Great Juno comes, I know her by her gait

*Enter JUNO*

*Juno* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me  
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
 And honour'd in their issue [*They sing:*

*Juno* Honour, riches, marriage blessing,  
 Long continuance, and increasing,  
 Hourly joys be still upon you!  
*Juno sings her blessings on you.*

*Ceres* Earth's increase, foison plenty,  
 Barns and garbers never empty,  
 Times with clustering bunches growing;  
 Plants with goodly burthen bowing;  
 Spring come to you at the farthest  
 In the very end of harvest!  
 Scarcity and want shall shun you,  
*Ceres blessing so is on you.*

*Ferdinand* This is a most majestic vision, and  
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
 To think these spirits?

*Prospero* Spirits, which by mine art  
 I have from their confines call'd to enact  
 My present fancies

*Ferdinand*                    Let me live here ever ,  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise  
Makes this place Paradise

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment*

*Prospero*                                    Sweet now, silence !  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ,  
There's something else to do    hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,  
With your sedg'd crowns and ever harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
Answer your summons , Juno does command  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love , be not too late

*Enter certain Nymphs*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry  
Make holiday , your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks, after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish*

*Prospero* [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life , the minute of their plot  
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits* ] Well done !    Avoid , no more !

*Ferdinand* This is strange, } your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly

*Miranda*                                    Never till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd

*Prospero* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
 As if you were dismay'd be cheerful, sir  
 Our revels now are ended 'These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and ~~they~~ *they*  
 Are melted into air, into thin air  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision)  
 The cloud capp'd towers the gorgeous palace  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep }—Sir, I am vex'd,  
 Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled.  
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity  
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell  
 And there repose a turn or two I'll walk,  
 To still my beating mind

*Ferdinand Miranda* We wish your peace [*Exeunt*

*Prospero* Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel come!

*Enter* ARIEL

*Ariel* Thy thoughts I cleave to What's thy pleasure?

*Prospero* Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban

*Ariel* Ay, my commander when I presented Ceres,  
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd  
 Lest I might anger thee

*Prospero* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

*Ariel* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,  
 So full of valour that they smote the air ~~for~~ *for*  
 For breathing in their faces, beat the ground  
 For lassing of their feet, yet always bending  
 Towards their project Then I beat my tabor,  
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
 As they smelt music so I charm'd their ears,  
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, picking gorse, and thorns,  
 Which enter'd their frail shins at last I left them  
 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake  
 O'erstunk their feet

*Prospero* This was well done, my bird  
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still  
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
 For stale to catch these thieves

*Ariel* I go, I go [Exit

*Prospero* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
 Nurture can never stick, on whom my pains,  
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,  
 And as with age his body uglier grows,  
 So his mind cankers I will plague them all,  
 Even to roaring —

*Enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, etc*

Come hang them on this line

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible *Enter CALIBAN,  
 STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet*

*Caliban* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may  
 not

'Hear a foot fall we now are near his cell

*Stephano* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless  
 fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us —  
 Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against  
 you, look you, —

*Trinculo* Thou wert but a lost monster

*Caliban* Good my lord, give me thy favour still  
 Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hoodwink this mischance therefore speak softly  
 All's hush'd as midnight yet

*Trinculo* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Stephano* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss

*Trinculo* That's more to me than my wetting yet this is your harmless fairy, monster

*Stephano* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour

*Caliban* Præthee, my king, be quiet Seest thou here, This is the mouth o' th' cell no noise, and enter Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker

*Stephano* Give me thy hand I do begin to have bloody thoughts

*Trinculo* O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Caliban* Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash

*Trinculo* O ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery — O King Stephano!

*Stephano* Put off that gown, Trinculo, by this hand, I'll have that gown

*Trinculo* Thy grace shall have it

*Caliban* The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean, To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone, And do the murther first if he awake, I from toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff

*Stephano* Be you quiet, monster — Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin

*Trinculo* Do, do we steal by line and level, an't like your grace

*Stephano* I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't

wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country  
"Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate, there's  
another garment for't

*Trinculo.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers,  
and away with the rest

*Caliban* I will have none on't we shall lose our time,  
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villanous low

*Stephano* Monster, lay-to your fingers help to bear this  
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of  
my kingdom go to, carry this

*Trinculo* And this

*Stephano* Ay, and this

*A noise of hunters heard Enter divers Spirits, in shape of  
dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL  
setting them on.*

*Prospero* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ariel* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Prospero* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

*[Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them  
Than pard or cat o' mountain

*Ariel* Hark, they roar!

*Prospero* Let them be hunted soundly At this hour  
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom For a little  
Follow, and do me service

*[Exeunt.]*





## ACT V

### SCENE I *Before the cell of Prospero*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL*

*Prospero* Now does my project gather to a head  
My charms crack not, my spells obey, and Time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

*Ariel* On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease

*Prospero* I did say so,  
When first I rais'd the tempest Say, my spirit,  
How fares the king and's followers?

*Ariel* Confin'd together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them, all prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell,  
They cannot budge till your release The king,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay, but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo,  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds Your charm so strongly works 'em  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender

*Prospero* Dost thou think so, spirit

*Ariel* Mine would, sir, were I human

*Prospero* And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply  
Passion as they, be kinder mov'd than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further Go release them, Ariel  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves

*Ariel* I'll fetch them, sir [Exit

*Prospero* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and  
groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
 When he comes back, you demi-puppets that  
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
 Whereof the eve not bites, and you whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew by whose aid—  
 Work masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd  
 The noon-day sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
 And twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
 Set roaring war to the dread rattling thunder  
 Have I given fire, and risted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt the strong-bas'd promontory  
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up  
 The pine and cedar graves at my command  
 Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
 By my so potent art But this rough magic  
 I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd  
 Some heavenly music—which even now I do,—  
 To work mine end upon their senses, that  
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
 I'll drown my book

[Solemn music.

*Here enter ARIEL before the ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made and there stand charmed; touch PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ' There stand,  
 For you are spell stopp'd—  
 Holy Gonzalo honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
 Fall fellowly drops — The charm dissolves apace,  
 And as the morning steals upon the night,  
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 Their clearer reason — O good Gonzalo,  
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
 To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces  
 Home both in word and deed Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act, —  
 Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian — Flesh and blood,  
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebastian, —  
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong, —  
 Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive thee,  
 Unnatural though thou art — Their understanding  
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,  
 That now lies foul and muddy Not one of them  
 That yet looks on me, or would know me — Ariel,  
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell  
 I will discase me, and myself present  
 As I was sometime Milan Quickly, spirit,  
 Thou shalt ere long be free

*ARIEL sings, and helps to attune him*

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I*

*In a cowslip's bell I lie,*

*There I couch when owls do cry*

*O, the bat's back I do fly*

*After summer merrily*

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now*

*Under the blossom that hangs on the bough*

*Prospero* Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee,

But yet thou shalt have freedom —so, so, so —  
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art  
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
Under the hatches, the master and the boatswain  
Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
And presently, I prithee

*Ariel* I drink the air before me, and return  
Or ere your pulse twice beat [Exit]

*Gonzalo* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
Inhibits here some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

*Prospero* Behold, Sir King,  
The wronged Duke of Milan Prospero  
For more assurance that a living prince  
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,  
And to thee and thy company I bid  
A hearty welcome

*Alonso* Whe'r thou beest he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
As late I have been, I not know. thy pulse  
Beats as of flesh and blood, and, since I saw thee,  
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave—  
An if this be at all—a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs —But how should Prospero  
Be living and be here?

*Prospero* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measur'd or confin'd

*Gonzalo* Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear

*Prospero* You do yet taste

Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain —Welcome, my friends all !—

[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*] But you, my brace of lords,  
were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors at this time

I'll tell no tales

*Sebastian* [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him

*Prospero*

No —

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault,—all of them, and require  
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know  
Thou must restore

*Alonso*

If thou beest Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation

How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since  
Were wrack'd upon this shore, where I have lost—  
How sharp the point of this remembrance is !—  
My dear son Ferdinand

*Prospero*

I am woe for't, sir

*Alonso* Irreparable is the loss, and patience

Says it is past her cure

*Prospero*

I rather think

You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace  
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content

*Alonso*

You the like loss ?

*Prospero* As great to me as late, and supportable

To make the dear loss have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you, for I  
Have lost my daughter

*Alonso*

A daughter ?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
The king and queen there ! that they were, I wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
 Where my son lies When did you lose your daughter?  
*Prospero* In this last tempest I perceive, these lords  
 At this encounter do so much admire,  
 That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
 Are natural breath but, howsoe'er you have  
 Been jostled from your senses, know for certain  
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke  
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely  
 Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,  
 To be the lord on't No more yet of this,  
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
 Befitting this first meeting Welcome, sir,  
 This cell's my court here have I few attendants,  
 And subjects none abroad pray you, look in  
 My dukedom since you have given me again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing,  
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
 As much as me my dukedom \*

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing  
 at chess*

*Miranda* Sweet lord, you play me false  
*Ferdinand* No, my dearest love,  
 I would not for the world  
*Miranda* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
 And I would call it fair play  
*Alonso* If this prove  
 A vision of the island, one dear son  
 Shall I twice lose  
*Sebastian* A most high miracle!  
*Ferdinand* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful,  
 I have cur'd them without cause ' *Kneels.*

*Alonso* Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about !  
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here

*Miranda* O, wonder !  
How many goodly creatures are there here !  
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,  
That has such people in't !

*Prospero* 'Tis new to thee

*Alonso* What is this maid with whom thou wast at play ?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together ?

*Ferdinand* Sir, she is mortal ,  
But by immo-tal Providence she's mine  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before , of whom I have  
Receiv'd a second life, and second father  
This lady makes him to me

*Alonso* I am hers  
But, O, how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness !

*Prospero* There, sir, stop  
Let us not burthen our remembrances  
With a heaviness that's gone

*Gonzalo* I have inly wept,  
'Or should have spoke ere this Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown !  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither

*Alonso* I say Amen, Gonzalo !

*Gonzalo* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples ? O, rejoice



Beyond a common joy ' and set it down  
 With gold on lasting pillars —In one voyage  
 Did I myself her husband find at Tunis ,  
 And Ferdinand her brother found a wife,  
 Where he himself was lost , Prospero his dukedom,  
 In a poor isle and all of us ourselves,  
 When no man was his own

*Alonso* [to Ferdinand and Miranda] Give me your hands :  
 Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
 That doth not wish you joy !

*Gonzalo*

Be it so ! Amen !

*Enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following*

O, look, sir ! look, sir ! here is more of us  
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
 'This fellow could not drown —Now, blasphemy,  
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
 Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

*Boatswain* The best news is, that we have safely found  
 Our king and company , the next, our ship—  
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—  
 Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd as when  
 We first put out to sea

*Ariel* [Aside to Prospero] Sir, all this service  
 Have I done since I went

*Prospero* [Aside to Ariel] My tricky spirit !

*Alonso* These are not natural events , they strengthen  
 From strange to stranger —Say, how came you hither ?

*Boatswain* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
 I'd strive to tell you We were dead of sleep,  
 And—how we live now not—all clapp'd under hatches ,  
 Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
 Of roaring shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
 And more variety of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd, straightway, at liberty,  
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master  
 Capering to eye her—On a trice, so please you,  
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them  
 And were brought moping hither.

*Ariel* [*Aside to Prospero*] Was't well done?

*Prospero* [*Aside to Ariel*]. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free

*Alonso* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,  
 And there is in this business more than nature  
 Was ever conduct of—some oracle  
 Must rectify our knowledge.

*Prospero* Sir, my liege,  
 Do not infect your mind with beating on  
 The strangeness of this business—At pick'd leisure,  
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,  
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
 These happen'd accidents, till when be cheerful,  
 And think of each thing well [*Aside to Ariel*] Come hither,  
 Set Caliban and his companions free, [*spirit*—  
 Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel*] How fares my gracious sir?  
 There are yet missing of your company  
 Some few odd lads that you remember not

*Enter ARIEL, drawing in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,  
 in their stolen apparel*

*Stephano* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man  
 take care for himself, for all is but fortune—Coragio, bully-  
 monster, coragio!

*Trinculo*. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,  
 here's a goodly sight

*Caliban* O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!  
 How fine my master is! I am afraid  
 He will chastise me

*Sebastian* Ha, ha !

What things are these, my lord Antonio ?

Will money buy 'em ?

*Antonio* Very like, one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable

*Prospero* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say if they be true — This misshapen knave,

His mother was a witch, and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,

And deal in her command without her power

These three have robb'd me, and this demi-devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them

To take my life Two of these fellows you

Must know and own, this thing of darkness I

Acknowledge mine

*Caliban* I shall be pinch'd to death

*Alonso* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler ?

*Sebastian* He is drunk now where had he wine ?

*Alonso* And Trinculo is reeling ripe where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ?

How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

*Trinculo* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you

last, that I fear me, will never out of my bones I shall not

fear fly blowing

*Sebastian* Why, how now, Stephano !

*Stephano* O, touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a

crump

*Prospero* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah ?

*Stephano* I should have been a sore one, then

*Alonso* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on

[*Pointing to Caliban.*]

*Prospero* He is as disproportion'd in his manners

As in his shape — Go, sirrah, to my cell,

Take with you your companions, as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely

*Caliban* Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

*Prospero* Go to, away!

*Alonso* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found  
it

*Sebastian* Or stole it, rather

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo*]

*Prospero* Sir, I invite your highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night, which, part of it, I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away,—the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized, *Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo*  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave

*Alonso* I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely

*Prospero* I'll deliver all,  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off [*Aside to Ariel*] My Ariel, chick,  
That is thy charge then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near

[*Exeunt*]

EPILOGUE<sup>1</sup>

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

[Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own,  
Which is most faint now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you,  
Or sent to Naples Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell,  
But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relië'd by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free ]



## NOTES.

## ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTE

- Abbott (or Gr), Aubott's *Shakespeare as Grammar*  
 A S, Anglo-Saxon  
 B and F, Beaumont and Fletcher  
 C, Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (Rolfe's edition)  
 Cf (confer) compare  
 Com Milton's *Comus*  
 D Dyce  
 I Fowler's *English Language* (8vo edition)  
 I Q, Spenser's *Faerie Queene*  
 Fol, following  
 Fr French  
 H Hudson  
 Id (*idem*) the same  
 Il Pens Milton's *Il Penseroso*  
 K, Knighth  
 Mer Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice*  
 N F, Norman French  
 P L Milton's *Paradise Lost*  
 Phil ed Notes of Studies on *The Tempest* by Shakespeare Society of Phila.  
 Pro, Prologue  
 Rich Richardson's Dictionary (London, 1838)  
 S Shakspeare  
 Shep Cal Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*  
 S, Singer  
 St Struven  
 V, Verplanck  
 Var ed the *Variation* edition of Shakespeare (1821)  
 W, White  
 Wb, Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864)  
 Woc, Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition)

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood, as I V for *Twelfth Night* Cor for *Coriolanus*, 3 Hen VI for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. P P refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim* I ana A to *Iris and Adonis*, L C to *A Lover's Complaint*, and Sonu to the *Sonnets*.



## NOTES.

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### ACT I

SCENE I—In the first folio, the play is divided into acts and scenes. At the end, printed side by side with the Epilogue, a list of *dramatis personæ* is given, under the heading "*Names of the Actors*," and above this is "The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island"

*What cheer?* On *cheer*, see *Mei* p 152

*Good, speake to th' mariners* That is, good *boatswain* or *fellow*, as D, W, and others explain it. The folio has "Good Speake to th' Mariners" and H and others retain that pointing, making *good*=good *cheer*. But the cheer was *not* good, as they were running aground. Cf also just below, "Nay, good, be patient," and *Ham* 1 1 "Good now, sit down"

*Yarely* Readily, nimbly, from *yare*, quick, active. Cf *T N* III 4, "be yare in thy preparation," *M for M* IV 2 "you shall find me yare" *A and C* V 2 "Yare, yare, good Iras, quick," etc. So in Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, 2268 "This Tereus let make hys shippes yare," that is, had his ships made ready

*Cheerly* An example of "*-ly* found with a noun, and yet not appearing to convey an adjectival meaning" Gr 447 Cf "angrily," *Macb* III 5, "hungerly," *Oth* III 4, etc. S uses *cheerly* often, but *cheerily* not once. Rich gives an example of the latter from B and F. Milton has *cheerly* in *L'Allegro*—the only instance in which he uses either

*Tend* Attend, as often Cf *Rich* III IV 1 "Good angels tend thee" *Lear*, II 1 "knights that tend upon my father," etc



*If room enough* If there be set room enough. Cf *Per* iii 1: "But set room, and (in) the brine and cloudy billows kiss the moon, I care not."

*Play the man* Play the part of men, behave like men. Cf 2 *Sam* x. 12. See also Chapman's *Iliad*, bk. v. —

Which doing thou shalt know what soldiers play the men,  
And what the cowards."

And Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, i 1: "Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men."

*Where is the master, looke you?* The folio has "Boson," which W retains, but his reasons for it are hardly satisfactory.

*Let us assist the storm* Cf *Per* iii. 1: "Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm."

*It cares these retreats*, etc. H and others change *cares* to *care*, but *cares* is probably an example of the old plural in -s. See *M*, p. 136 (note on *Darius takes them suspect*) and Gr 333. Of course no typographical error is possible in cases where the *rhyme* requires the form in s, as

"There lies  
His kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes,"  
*Rich II* iii 3.

"She lifts the coffin lids that close his eyes,  
Where lo! no lamps burnt out in darkness lies,"  
*I* and *A* 1128.

"Those petty wrongs that liberty commits  
The beauty and thy years full well befits"  
*Sonnet* 41.

"And to their audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combined sums."  
*L C* 230.

*To eat it* Abbott (*Gr* 90) gives many similar examples of the omission of the *it*, as "At door" (*H* 7 ii 4 and *T* of *S* iv 1), "At end" (*Cor* iv. 7), "To west" (*S* iii 33) etc.

*Of the present* Cf *J C* i 2: "For this present," and *1 Cor* xv 6.

*He thinks* See *Ver* p. 135, note on *Mithought*.

*He hath no drawing mark upon him*, etc. The allusion to the familiar proverb is obvious. Cf *T G* of *V* i 1: —

"Go go begone to save your ship from wrack,  
Which cannot perish having thee aboard  
Being destin'd to a surer death on shore."

*Down with the topmast*, etc. Striking the topmast was a new invention in S's time, which he here very properly introduces. Lord Mulgrave, who shows that this whole scene is "a very striking instance of the great accuracy of S's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience," explains this manœuvre as follows: "The gale entering the topmast is struck to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is hauled to." *For* it is in the imperative mood.

*Bring her to try* — *in* *mat* *course*. Malone quotes Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1598): "And when the barke had way, we cut the huser, and so gave the sea to our friend, and tried out all that day with our maine course."

The phrase is also found in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627. The folio reads, "bring her to Try with Maine-course," and W thinks it should be pointed thus "Bring her to try wi'th' main course"

*I'll warrant him for drowning* For here may be either "as regards" or "against." Examples of the latter meaning are —

"Somme shal sowe the sakke, quod Piers, for sheding of the whete"

*Piers the Plowman's Vision*, vi 9.

"And next his schert an aketoun,

And over that an hiberoun,

For persving of his hert"

Chaucer, *Sir Thopas*

"We'll have a bib for spoiling of thy doublet"

B and F, *Captain*, iii 5

"If he were too long for the bed, they cut off his legs, for catching cold"

Lyl, *Euphues*

*Lay her a hold, a-hold* To lay a ship a-hold is to bring her to lie as near to the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. [Steevens]

*Set her two courses* That is, the mainsail ("the main course," above) and foresail. The folio reads "Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea agayne, lay her off," and some modern editors put no point after "courses"

*Must our mouths be cold?* Must we die? It has been suggested (Philaed) that it may mean, Must we resort to cowardly prayers? and the following from B and F (*Sea Voyage*, i 1, an imitation of *The Tempest*) is cited in support of the explanation —

'Thou rascal thou fearful rogue, thou hast been praying

— is this a time

To discourage our friends with your cold orisons?"

*We are merely cheated*, etc. Absolutely cheated Cf "mere enemy," *M of F* iii 2, "the mere perdition (that is, the entire destruction) of the Turkish fleet," *Oth* ii 2, "the mere undoing (the complete ruin) of all the kingdom," *Hen VIII* iii 2; etc. So in Bacon's 58th *Essay* "As for conflagrations and great droughts, they do not merely (that is, entirely) dispeople and destroy," where most of the modern editors (Montague and Whately included), mistaking the meaning, have changed "and destroy" to "but destroy"

*To glut him* To swallow him Cf Milton, *P L* v 633 "sucked and glutted offal"

*Long heath, brown furze* Hanmer suggested "ling, heath, broom, furze," which D adopts, but there seems no good reason for altering the text of the folio

SCENE II.—*Mourning to the welkin's cheek* Cf *Rich II* iii 3 —

"Their thundering shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven"

*Who had no doubt some noble creature in her* On *who=which*, see *Mer* p 144 (note on *Of gold, who*) and Gr 264. D, St., and some others change *creature* to *creatures*

*Or ere* The *or* is undoubtedly the A S *ær* (our *ere*) which appears in early English in the forms *or air, ei, ear, or, eior*. We find *or*=*before* in Chaucer, as in the *Knights Tale*, 1685 "Cler was the dñ, as I have told or this" and later, as in Latimer and Ascham. *Ere* seems to have been added to *or* for emphasis when the meaning of the latter was dying out. In early English we find such combinations as *erst er, before er, before or* (Mätzner iii 451).

Some explain *or ere*, which they write *or e'er*, as a contraction of *or ær* = *before ever*. *Or ær* is, indeed, not unfrequently found (in the Bible, for instance in *Ecdi* vii 6, *Pho* viii 23, *Dan* vi 24, etc.); but, as Abbott remarks (Gr 131), it is much more likely that *æer* should be substituted for *ere* than *ere* for *e'er*.

*Frighth* *g* Making up her *fraught*, or freight. *S* does not use *frighth*, either as a verb or a noun. See note on *fraught*, in *Mer* p 145.

*More better* For other examples of double comparatives and superlatives in *S*, see *Mer* p 159 (note on *more elder*), and Gr 11.

*Full for all* *Full*=to the full, very. Cf "full sorry," *A and C* i 1, etc.

*Meddle with my thoughts* That is, *mingle* with them. Cf Wiclif *Matt* xxv 24 "wyn medlid with gill," *John*, vii 39 "a medling of myrre and aloes," Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, 874.

"How medeleth she his blood with hir compleyn e"

Spenser, *Shep Cal Apr* 68

"The radde rose medled with the white yfere,"

Harker, *Feel Pol* iv 8 "A meddled estate of the orders of the Gospel and the ceremonies of poperie," etc.

*Lie there* *is*, art. Fuller (*Ho's State*, iv 6) says that Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."

*The direfist spectacle of the wrack* The word is invariably *wrack* in *S*. In *Lucius* we have it rhyming with *bazl*.

*The very virtue of compassion* The very essence or soul of it.

*Inter with such provision* Hunter suggested *prevision*, which D adopts, but, as Mrs. Kemble remarks (*Atlantic Monthly*, vol viii p. 290), "It is very true that *provision* means the foresight that his art gave him, but *provision* implies the exercise of that foresight or *prevision*, it is therefore better, because more comprehensive."

*So soft'sy order that there is no soul*— This is quite obviously an instance of anacoluthon but Theo proposed *no soul*, and Pope followed him. Capell read *no loss*, Rowe and Warburton, *no so it lost*. Johnson suggested *no so it*.

*Bat!* The *ed* of the participle is often omitted after *d* and *t*. Gr 342. Thus we have *about* (*Rh* iii 5), *b'eat* (*Ham* iii 4), *ensl'id* (*M for W* ii 4) etc. A few lines below we have "The very rats instinctively have *gu't* it."

*Out three years and* *Out*—past, more than. Nares explains it as "completely." Cf "Be a boy right out" iv 1. See Gr 183.

*Twelve year since*, etc. The folio reads, "Twelve yere since (*Miranda*),

twelve yere since." Pope needlessly changed *year* to *years*, and some recent editors have followed him

*And his only heir*, etc. The reading of the folio is,

"Was Duke of Millaine, and his onely heire,  
And Princesse no worse Issued."

With a slight change in the pointing this is clear enough, but Hanmer made it read

"Was Duke of Milan, thou his only heir  
And princess, no worse issued"

Pope then changed "And princess" to "A princess." D adopts both emendations

*Help* I or *holpen*, the old participle of *help* For the full form see *Ps* lxxxiii S *Dan* v 34, etc. The contracted form is common in early writers, as in *Purs the Plowman's Vision*, v 169 "For ofte hīue I, quod he, holpe you atte barre" *Help* is properly the past tense of *help* and S uses it as such in *Cor* v 3 "I holp to frame thee," *Lea*, iii 7 "he holp the heavens to rain," etc. He uses *holp* (and *help'st*) nineteen times, and *helped* (as past tense and participle) only six times

*Tien* Grief, trouble. Cf *R* and *J* v 3 "to my teen be it spoken," *L L L* iv 3 "of groans, of sorrow, and of teen," etc. Also, Spenser, *F Q* i 9, 34 "for dread and dolefull teen," *Shep Cal Now* 41 "my woeful teen," etc.

*Which is from my remembrance* That is, away from Often so used, as *J C* i 3 "clean from the purpose," *T N* i 5 "This is from my commission," etc. See Gr 158

*My brother and thy uncle*, etc. This, with the following speech of Prospero, has well been called "a network of anacolutha" "The subject, *My brother*, is dropped, and taken up again as *he whom*, and finally in *false uncle*, before its verb (but only after another interruption) is reached in *new created* A parenthesis begins with *as at that time*, but it ceases to be treated as a parenthesis, and eddies into the main current of expression at *These being all my study*" (Phila ed)

*Manage* See *Mer* p 153

*As at that time* The *as* is probably redundant here, as it often is in statements of time In early English *as* is often prefixed to dates "as this year of grace," etc. Chaucer has *as now*, *as here*, etc. = *now*, *here*, etc. Prof G Allen (Phila ed), who was the first to call attention to this use of *as* in S, quotes the Collect for Christmas in the Prayer-Book "Almighty God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born," etc. See also Gr 114. Cf *M* for *M* v 1 "One Lucio as then the messenger"

*Through all the signories it was the first* Botero (*Relations of the World*, 1630) says, "Milan claims to be the first duchy in Europe."

*Who I advance, and who*, etc. On *who*=*whom*, see *Mer* pp 131, 143, and Gr 274

*To dash for overtopping* A metaphor taken from hunting To *trash* a hound was to check or hamper him, so that he would not *overtop* or outrun the pack Cf *Oth* ii 1

"If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash  
For his quick hunting"

For another explanation, see note on the passage in *Var* edit., or Dyce's *Glossary* under *trash*

*Tra' nro l' was* So that now he was, a common ellipsis Gr 283  
*The ry*, etc. The *ry* was thought to be a parasitic plant and injurious to trees Cf *C of L* ii 2 "usurping *ry*"

*Out of t* See *Mer* p 143, and Gr 182

*Closeness* Privacy, seclusion Cf the use of *close* and *closely*, as, "a close (secret) exploit of death" (*Rich III* i 2), "we have closely (privately) sent for Hamlet" (*Ham* iii 1), etc

*But by being so retir'd* "Were it only for the retirement it procured me," or perhaps, *except for* its being so retired

*Like a good parent* "Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii novae* (Johnson)"

*Sans bound* Without limit. As Nares remarks, "a general combination seems to have subsisted, among all our poets, to introduce this French word, certainly very convenient for their verse, into the English language, but in *run*, the country never received it, and it has always appeared as an exotic, even though the elder poets Anglicized its form into *saunce*, or gave it the English pronunciation" In a familiar passage in *A Y L* (ii 7), S uses it four times in a single line. Cf also *L. L. L* i 2.

"My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw  
*Resur'd* Sans sans, I pray you."

*Lorded* Made a lord Cf *stranger'd*=made a stranger (*Lear*, i 1), and *servanted*=made subservient (*Cor* v 2) But *king'd*=ruled (*K John*, ii 1), *fathered*=provided with a father (*J C* ii 1, and *Lear*, iii 6), *loved*=gifted with a lover (*L C*), etc. See Gr 294.

*Re-ennu* The accent on the penult, as in *Ham* iii 2 "from thee that no revenue hast," and *M A D* i 1 "Of great revenue, and she hath no child," but in the same scene of *M A D* we find it with the modern accent "I long withering out a young man's revenue" For a list of words used by S with "the accent nearer the end than with us," see Gr 490, but *re-ennu* is omitted

*L be one who unto truth*, etc. The folio has *into* truth, which D retains, quoting as another instance of *into* for *unto*, "And pray God's blessing into thy attempt," *I H* i 3 In "telling of it," it refers to *he*, by anticipation *As* is omitted before "To credit" Cf "so fond to come abroad," *M of I* iii 3, "so big to hold so much," *T A* ii 4, etc Gr 281

*Hast thou hear?* On S's use of *thou* and *you*, see Gr 231-235

*He needs will be* On *needs*, see *Mer* p 141, and Gr 25.

*Me, for n an'* As for me D says, "For me. large enough," and compares *T of A* i 1 —

"Whose thoughtless natures—O abhorred spirits—  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough," etc.

*If this might be a brother* Examples of *might* in the sense of *could* are

not uncommon Cf *MND* 111 "But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft," etc., *Ham* 111 —

"I might not this believe  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes"

For other examples, see Gr 312

*To think but nobly* I hat is, *otherwise than nobly* Gr 124.

*Hearkens my brother's suit* Cf 2 *Hen IV* 114 "Hearken the end"  
Gr 199

*In lieu o' th' premises* That is, in consideration of Cf "in lieu thereof" (*TG of V* 117, and *LLL* 111), "in lieu whercof" (*K John*, v 4), etc.

*It is a hint* A cause, or subject Cf "our hint of woe," 111

*Without the which* See *Mer* p 133 (note on *For the which*), and Gr 270

*Wee most unpertinent* Cf *Lea*, iv 6 —

"O matter and unpertinency mixed!  
Reason in madness!"

*Wench* This word "originally meant young woman only, without the contemptuous familiarity now annexed to it" Cf *Hen VIII* iv 2 "When I am dead, good wench," etc., *Oth* v 2 "O, ill starred wench" etc

*In few* In short Cf *Ham* 113 "in few, Ophelia," etc Gr 5

*Have quit it* The reading of the folio, changed to *had* by D and others For *quit*, see above on *betid* *Hoist* is a similar contraction See Gr 341, 342

*Did us but loving wrong* Jephson says, "that is, were merciful to us," but I understand it to mean, "only injured us by their sympathetic sighing," that is, blowing

*A cherubin* This is the reading of the folio here, as well as in *T of A* iv 3, *Mach* 117, and *Oth* iv 2, the only other places in which S uses the singular, except *Ham* iv 3, where *cherub* ("Cherube" in folio) occurs He uses *cherubins* as the plural in *M of V* v 1 (see *Mer* p 162), *Hen VIII* 111, *T and C* 112, and *Cymb* 114 Neither *cherubin* nor *cherubins* is to be found in the folio, though both are given in most modern editions and in Mrs Clarke's *Concordance* In this passage H has *cherubin*, but D and W *cherubin*

*Deck'd* "Here deck'd would appear to be a form, if it be not a corruption, of the provincialism *degg'd*, i e *sprinkled*" (D) Some editors have changed the word to *degg'd*

*An undergoing stomach* A sustaining courage Cf 2 *Hen IV* 111 "Can vail his stomach" (began to let his courage sink), and *Ham* 111 "some enterprise That hath a stomach in it" (that requires courage) Elsewhere it means anger, resentment, as in *TG of V* 112 "kill your stomach on your meat," and pride, arrogance, as in *Hen VIII* iv 2 "He was a man of an unbounded stomach"

*Have steaded much* Have been of much service See *Mer* p 133, note on *Can you stead me?*

*But see that man at any time.* Gr 39

*Mr. Lar 4* It is very doubtful what this means. The stage direction *Puts on his robe, or Resumes his robe* given in some editions, is not found in the folio, but is due to Mr Collier's MS corrector. St suggests that the words are spoken aside to Ariel, and quotes in support of that view the conclusion of Prospero's next speech, "Come away, servant, come, I'm ready now, etc."

*What thee more profit than other princess can* Profit is here a verb. *Princess* (the reading of the folio) is here for *princesses*. As Abbott (Gr 71) has shown "the plural and possessive cases of nouns of which the singular ends in *s, se, ss, ce,* and *ge,* are frequently written, and still more frequently pronounced, without the additional syllable." Cf *Mac* 1 1 (folio) "Their *eyes* are shut," *Hen* 1 1 2, "Your *mightiness* on both parts best can witness," etc. W adopts Rowe's emendation of "princes," and gives quotations to show that "women as well as men of royal or ducal birth were called *prince* in S's day." But S himself does not use *prince* for *princess*, while it is evident that he does drop the *-es* or *'s* in not a few such words. D gives "princess," and H "princess."

*Act now de r lady* Now friendly to me, or, as Stevens puts it, "now my suspicious mistress."

*I find my zenith, etc.* Cf *J C* 1 3 "There is a tide in the affairs of man," etc.

*That art inclin'd to sleep* It is not easy to decide whether Miranda is put to sleep by the art of Prospero, or falls asleep from the effect of the strange things she has seen and heard. The latter view is well put by Franz Horn, who says "The wonderful acts occasionally like the music upon Jessica in the fifth act of *The Merchant of Venice*. The external miracles of nature scarcely affect Miranda upon an island where nature itself has become a wonder, and the wonders have become nature. But for her, even on that account, there are only so many greater wonders in the heart and life of man. The checkered course of the world, its wild passions, are to her wholly strange, and the relation of such wonders might well affect her in the manner her father fears."

*To rise, or best to rise, bet to fly, etc.* Henley quotes the imitation of this passage by Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* —

"Tell me, sweetest  
What new service now is meetest  
For the cure shall I strain  
In the middle ayre and strain  
The sailing rick or nimbly rike  
Hold by the moone, and gently make  
Sut to the pale queene of might,  
For a beaunt to give thee light?  
Shall I dive into the sea,  
And bring thee coral, inking way  
Through the rising waves," etc.

*And all his gifts* That is, all his ability, his powers. D explains it as "all those occupied in similar services, all his fellows."

*Performed to the point* Exactly, to the minutest point, like the French à point. See Gr 187.

*The waist* "That part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle" (Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*)

*I'd divide* *Will* and *would* are sometimes used to express a repeated or customary action Gr 330 Cf *Oth* 1 3 "But still the house affairs would draw her hence," and below, in 2 "Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears" So in Gray's *Elegy* "His listless length at noontide would he stretch," etc.

*Distinctly* In its original sense of *separately* An allusion to the electrical phenomenon known as *Saint Elmo's fire* In Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1598) there is the following description of it, which *S* may have had in mind "I do remember that in the great and boisterous storme of this foule weather, in the night there came upon the toppe of our maine yard and maine-mast a certaine little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo* This light continued aboard our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, and from top to top, and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once"

*Coil* Furmoil, tumult Cf *T of A* 1 2 "what a coil's here!" *R* and *J* 11 5 "here's such a coil!" etc

*Fever of the mad* Fever of delirium

*Afire*. See Gr 24

*With hair up-staring* See Gr 429 Cf *J C* 11 3 "That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare"

*Their sustaining garments* Bearing or resisting the effects of the water Some explain it as "bearing them up in the water"

*Cooling of the air* See Gr 178 Cf 3 *Hen VI* 11 5 "blowing of his nails," *J C* 11 3 "saving of thy life," *A Y L* 11 7 "hearing of a song," etc.

*In this sad knot* Folded thus

*Still-vev'd Bermoothes* The ever disturbed Bermudas "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas," says Henley, "will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous" On *still*=ever, see *Mer* p 128

*Who, with a charm* See above on *Who t' advance*, etc.

*For the rest of the fleet* This use of *for*=as *for*, as *regards*, is common in *S* See Gr 149

*Flote* Flood, wave Probably the same as *float*, and not the French *flot*, as most editors make it

*Two glasses*. Two turns of the hour-glass, two hours

*Since thou dost give me pains* Dost give me hard work to do

*Let me remember thee* Remind thee Gr 291 Cf *IV* 7 in 2 "I'll not remember you of my own lord," etc. It is sometimes used in a similar sense (=mention) without an object, as in 2 *Hen IV* 1 2 —

"Our coronation done, we will accite,  
As I before remember'd, all our state"

Cf below, "The ditty does remember (mention, or commemorate) my drown'd father" The passive form *to be remembered* is sometimes=to call to mind, to recollect, as, "If you be remember'd" (*M for M* 11 1,



and *T of S* iii 31, "I am remember'd" (*I Y L* iii 5), "Be you remember'd" (*T I* ii 3), etc.

*Is not he perswaded me* The *me* is the "indirect object" of the verb. Gr 229 Cf just below, "To do me business"

*Will he* Cf *A H* i 3 "I will not hate thee a scruple." See also *Alf* p 153

*To bedd the ooze* The bottom (not the margin) of the sea. Cf *Hu* V i 2 "the ooze and bottom of the sea," and below, iii 3 "my son i' th ooze is bedd'd"

*Hast thou forgone* On the form of the participle, see Gr 343, and cf *Alf* p 141, note on *And understood*

*Arges* The old name for Algiers. It was not obsolete even in Dryden's day. See his *Lambrham*, iii 1 "you Argier's man"

*For a thing he did* But what it was the poet nowhere tells us. It may have been mentioned (as Boswell thinks) in the novel on which the play was probably founded

*His blear'd leg* Staunton suggests "blear-eyed," but no change is necessary

*He is not a servant* The folio has *is*, and (as Walker suggests) that may be what S wrote. So below the folio has "stroked'st and made mirth of me."

*And for thou wast* And because thou wast. See Gr 151, and *Alf* p 134, note on *For he is a Christian*

*Hest* Command. Sometimes printed "'hests," but it is not a contraction of *halest*. It is used again in iii 1 ("I have broke your hest"), and in iv 1 ("spongy April at thy hest betrim's"), and it is used by Wiclif, Chaucer, Spenser, etc. The mistake in printing *hest* is like that of *er* (see *Alf* p 153), *tor'd* (see C p 369), *'light* (=alight), etc.

*In a downy pine* We sometimes find *into* for *in* "with verbs of rest implying motion (cf *Rich III* i 5 "Is all my armour lud into my tent") as we often find *in* with verbs of motion (cf *Alf* i 1 "creep in our ears" *Hu* i 1 "leaping in her grave," etc.) "Fall in love" is still a familiar idiom. A few lines below we have "put heaviness in me"

*Child for son* Farmer says, "The metathesis in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident."

*Corrupted due to command* That is, obedient to command. See Gr p 12 (viii)

*As I do my springing ill* Do my work as a spirit meekly, or with good will (as opposed to "moody" above). Some editors print "springing" but the folio has "springing." "Spirit" is often virtually a monosyllable. Gr 463

*On the thyself* etc. The folio reads thus

"Gee, take thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' Sea,  
Is subject to no right but thine and mine ious cle  
Is every eve fall'd e'e e'e"

This is not enough with a slight change in arrangement as in the text, but Stevens omits the *thou* as "ridiculous," and prints the lines as fol-  
low

"Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea,  
Be subject to no sight but mine invisible," etc

This reading is adopted by D, but not by W or H

*We cannot miss him* Cannot do without him, the only instance of this sense in S, or elsewhere, so far as I know

*Come, thou to loose!* when? Cf *J C* II 1 "When, Lucius, when?" *Rich II* 1 2 "When, Harry, when?" *T of S* II 1 "Why, when, I say?" etc  
*What* and *why* were similarly used as impatient exclamations See *Msei* p 141, note on *What, Jessica!*

*Fine apparition!* *My quaint Ariel* So below, "fine spirit," "fine Ariel," and "delicate Ariel" On *quaint*, see *Msei* p 141

*Wicked dew* Baneful, poisonous Cf Chaucer, *Rom of the Rose* "a fruit of savour of wicke"

*Urchins* Mischievous elves Cf *M II* IV 4 "urchins, ouphes (elves), and faeries" They were probably called so because they sometimes took the form of urchins, or hedgehogs Cf below (II 2) Caliban's account of Prospero's spirits

"Then like hedgehogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall"

*That vast of night* That void, waste, or empty stretch In *Ham* 1 2, the quarto of 1603 has "In the dead vast and middle of the night," but the other old editions have "wast" In modern editions we find "vast," "waste," and "waist" (=middle)

*Whiles you do keep from me* On *whiles*, see *Msei* p 133, and Gr 137  
*Abhorred slave*, etc. The folio gives this speech to *Alonzo*, but this is obviously an error of the type

*Which any print*, etc On *which*, "used interchangeably with *who* and *what*," see Gr 265

*Confired into this rock* See above on *Into a cloven pine*

*My profit on't* For *on't*, see *Msei* p 143, or Gr 182

*The red plague* The leprosy See *Levit* III 42, 43 Jephson explains it as the crysipelas

*Rid you* Destroy you Cf *Rich II* V 4 "will rid his foe," and 3 *Hen VI* 1 5 "you have rid this sweet young prince"

*Learning me your language* Cf *Cymb* 1 5 "Hast thou not learned me how To make perfumes?" In old English the word meant to *teach* as well as to learn See *Rich* and Gr 291

*Thou'rt best* Cf *J C* III 3 "Ay, and truly, you were best" For other examples of this old idiom, see Gr 230

*Old cramps* Abundant cramps On this intensive or augmentative use of *old* in colloquial language, see *Msei* p 161

*Aches* The noun *ache* used to be pronounced *atch*, but the verb *ache* (as it is often printed) Baret, in his *Alvearie* (1580), says "*Ache* is the Verbe of the substantive *ach*, *ch* being turned into *h*" That the noun was pronounced like the name of the letter *h* is evident from a pun in *Msuch* *Ado* III 4

"*Beatrice* By my troth I am exceeding ill! Heigh ho!  
*Margaret* I or a hawk, a horse, or a husband?  
*Beatrice* I or the letter that begins them all, H"

There is a similar joke in *The World Run upon Wheels*, by John Taylor, the Water-poet: "Every cart-horse doth know the letter G very understandingly, and *It* hath be in his bones." Boswell quotes an instance of this pronunciation from Swift, and Dyce one from Blackmore, A D 1705. When John Kenble first played Prospero in London, he pronounced *ashes* in this passage as a dissyllable, which gave rise to a great dispute on the subject among critics. During this contest Mr Kenble was laid up with sickness and Mr Cooke took his place in the play. Everybody listened eagerly for his pronunciation of *ashes*, but he *left the whole out of it*, whereupon the following appeared in the papers as "*Cooke's Soliloquy*."

'*Aches* or *ashes* shall I speak both or either?  
If *ashes* I violate my Shakspeare's measure—  
If *aches* I shall give King John my pleasure  
I've hit upon it—by Jove, I'll utter neither!"

*Triot leasts shall trouble* So that, a common ellipsis Gr 283.

*And, pray thee* This omission of *I* before *pray thee*, *beseech thee*, etc., is very common. See Gr 401.

*Setebos* S probably got this name from the account of Magellan's voyages in Robert Eden's *History of Frisland* (A D 1577), where it is said of the Patagonians that "they roared like bulles and cried upon their great devill, Setebos, to help them." Malone says that Setebos is also mentioned in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598.

*Curtisid* So spelled in the folio. *Curtis* and *courtesy* are two forms of the same word both found in the folio. In a single speech in *J C* in I we have 'courtesies' and "curtsies."

*And kiss'd the wild waves whist* That is, kissed the wild waves into silence: a delicate touch of poetry that is quite lost in the passage as usually printed: the line *The wild waves whist* being made parenthetical, and that, too, without any authority from the original" (H). *Whist* is the participle of the old verb *whist*, which is found both transitive and intransitive. Lord Surrey translates the first line of Book II of the *Aeneid*: "They whisted all, with fixed face intent." Cf Spenser, *J Q* III 7, 59: "So was the litnesse put downe and whist." Milton (*Samson on Nature*) has the same rhyme as here:

The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kiss'd"

*Fix'd of fix'd*, Dexterously, neatly. D quotes Lodge's *Glauceus and Sylvia* (1580): "Footing it feithle on the grassie ground." Cf *W T* II 3: "he dances feathly." We have the adjective (used adverbially) below, in I: "much faster than before" and in *Cymb* I 1, the verb (=fashioned, moulded): "a glass that feated them." On the *it*, see Gr 226.

*Where should it be or use be?* As Abbott remarks (Gr 325), "*should* was used in direct questions about the past where *shall* was used about the future."

*Where's my axon?* That is, again and again. Gr 27. Cf *M of I* III 2: "For wooing here until I were at again."

*With it's r-r-r-r* In the folio *its* occurs but once (*M for M* I 2), while *it's* is found nine times. *It* is a genitive (or "possessive") is found

fourteen times, in seven of which it precedes *own*. This *it* is "an early provincial form of the old genitive." In our version of the Bible *its* is found only in *Levit* xxi 5, where the original edition has "of it own accord." See Gr 228, *Bible Word-Book*, pp 272-275, and C pp 160-171.

*Full fathom five* The folio has "fathom," which I-Illiwell and White prefer to retain.

*Of his bones are coral made*. S may have written *are* to avoid the harshness of "bones is," but the inaccuracy is probably to be classed with those given by Abbott (Gr 412) under "confusion of proximity." Some make *coral* a plural.

*Those are pearls, etc.* In *Rich III* ii 4, we have *tears* "transform'd to orient pearl."

*Ding, dong, bell*. Cf the Song in *M of V* iii 2.

*Nor no sound that the earth owes*. On the double negative, see *Mer* p 131, and Gr 406. *Owes*=owns, as often in S. See Gr 290.

*The fringed curtains of thine eyes*. Cf *Per* iii 2 "her eyelids Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

*What thou seest yond*. *Yond* is the A S *gond*=*illuc*. *Yond*, meaning outrageous furious (as in Spenser, *F Q* iii 7, 26 "As Florimell fled from that Monster yond"), is probably the same word, though Kitchen (Clarendon Press edition of Spenser's *F Q Bk II* p 296) gives a different etymology.

*A brave form*. On *brave*=fine, gallant, etc., see *Mer* p 154.

*And but he's something stunn'd*. On *but*=except, etc., see Gr 120.

*Most sure, the goddess*. Cf the *O dea certe* of Virgil (*Æn* i 328).

*Vouchsafe my prayer may know* and *that you will*. Here we have "thou omitted and then inserted," Gr 285. Cf *Rich II* v 1 "I think I am dead, and that even here," etc.

*If you be maid*. The fourth folio has *made* (that is, created, or mortal), which some modern editors adopt.

*A single thing*. A feeble thing. Cf *Macb* i 3 "shakes so my single strife of man."

*His brave son*. This son is not one of the *dramatis personæ*, nor is he elsewhere mentioned in the play.

*More braver*. See above on *More better*.

*Control thee*. "Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee" (Johnson).

*Changed eyes*. Exchanged looks of love.

*Done yourself some wrong*. Misrepresented yourself. Cf *M W* iii 3 "This is not well, Master Ford, this wrongs you."

*Pity move my father*. An example of "the subjunctive used optatively." See Gr 364.

*O, if a virgin, and your affection not gone forth*. On the ellipsis, see Gr 387. *In either's powers*. See Gr 12. In *Sonnet* 93 we have "In many's looks."

*That thou attend me*. "The subjunctive after verbs of command and entreaty is especially common." Gr 369. For the omission of the preposition, cf *M of V* v 1. "When neither is attended," and see Gr 200.

*Ow'st not*. Ownest not. Cf above, "that the earth owes."

*On't*. See *Mer* p 143, and Gr 182.

*There's nothing ill can dwell* On the omission of the relative, see Gr 214  
*I'll manacle thy neck and feet together* The cut illustrates this mode of punishment better than any description could do



*Gentle and not fearful* Of gentle blood, and therefore no coward Smollett (in *Humphrey Clinker*) says "To this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in *The Tempest* would express herself nearly in the same terms—Don't provoke him, for, being gentle, that is, *lig' spiritid*, he won't tamely bear an insult"

*Will you tutor?* "Shall my heel teach my head?" Shall that which I tread upon give me law? (V) Walker (*Crit Ex* in p 3) proposes for which D adopts

*Come from thy ward* Leave thy posture of defence *Ward* was a technical term in fencing Cf 1 *Hen II* in 4 "Thou knowest my old ward, here I lie and thus I bore my point"

*Beauchamp, father!* See above on *No, pray thee*

*There's no more such slaves* The reading of the folio, changed by many editors (including D, W and II) to "there are." But "there is" is often found preceding a plural subject Gr 335 Cf *Cymb* in 1 "There is no more such Cæsar's" (where D, W, and II all have "is"); *Jh* in 2 "There is no more such masters" (D and W have "is," and the former defends it in a note but II has "are"), etc. So in questions we find, "Is there not charms?" (*Oth* in 1), "Is all things well?" (2 *Hen VI* in 2) "Is there not wars?" (2 *Hen II* in 2), etc.

*All corners of the earth* All other parts Cf *M of T* in 7 "the four corners of the earth" (so in *Isa* in 12) *Cymb* in 4 "all corners of the world," etc. In *A Jehu* (v 7) we find "the three corners of the world"

## ACT II

SCENE I—*O or hint of w* The cause of our sorrow - See on *It is a hint*, 1, 2

*The masters of some merchant* This is the reading of the folio, and is somewhat doubtful, though *masters* may mean *owners*, or possibly *officers*. Steevens suggested "mistress" (the old spelling of which is sometimes "maistress"), and V thinks it "not improbable" that this was S's word. D and others read "master." The Camb. editors conjecture "master's" (*sc* wife). The first *merchant* means a merchant vessel, or *merchantman*, as we say even now. Malone quotes Dryden (*Parallel of Poetry and Purling*) "Thus as convoy ships either accompany or should accompany their merchants."

*The visitor* An allusion to priestly visitants of the sick or afflicted. Cf. *M* *all* xvi. 36.

*One —'ell* There may be a play on *ore* and *on* (that is, *go on*), the two words (see Nares on *One*) being pronounced, and sometimes written, alike. *Till*=count. We still say "all told," "wealth untold," "to tell one's beads," etc., and a *teller* is one who counts (money, votes, etc.).

*Deceit* Cf. the same play upon words in *M* *for M* 1, 2, and *Lear*, ii 4. Steevens quotes also *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637.

"And his reward be thirteen hundred dollars  
For he hath driven dolour from our heart"

*Which, of he or Adrian.* This is the reading of the folio. Cf. *M* *N* *D* iii 2.

"Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,  
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena"

Walker (*Crit* *Ex* in p. 353) quotes from Sidney's *Arcadia* "Who should be the former [that is, the first to fight] against Phalantus, of the black or the ill apparelled knight." Gr 206, 109.

*The cocked* The young cock, that is, Adrian.

*Ha, ha, he!* The folio gives this speech to Sebastian, and *So, you're* *faid* to Antonio, and perhaps there is no need of change. On the whole, however, I prefer to follow W, who simply transposes the prefixes of the speeches on the ground that "Antonio won the wager, and was paid by having the laugh against Sebastian." Theo. gave both speeches to Sebastian, and is followed by D. and the Camb. editors. Capell and II merely change "you're" to "you've." K. and C. return the folio reading.

*Temperance* Temperature. Antonio takes up the word as a female name, and it was so used by the Puritans.

*Lush* Luscious, succulent, luxuriant. Not elsewhere used by S, though some read in *M* *N* *D* ii 1, "Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine" where the folio has "luscious." *Lush*=vigorous.

*An eye of green* A tinge of green. Boyle says, "Red, with an eye of blue, makes a purple."

*Freshness and glosses* The folio has "freshnesse and glosses." *Freshness* may be plural, like *fruits* in i 2 ("Than other princess can") See note on that passage. D reads "gloss."

*A far gone to then queen* For their queen Cf *J C* iii 1 "I know that we shall have him well to friend," *Rich II* ii 1 "I have a king here to my flatterer," also *Matt* iii 9, *Luke*, iii 8, etc. Below (iii 2) we find 'that hath to instrument this lower world'

*Wider Dido* This was the title of a popular song of that day See *Purey's Reliques*, or Prof Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vii p 207

*Study of that* Study about that, wonder what you mean by it See Gr 174

*The miraculous harp* An allusion to the myth of Amphion, who raised the walls of Thebes by the power of his music.

*In my rate* In my estimation, or reckoning Cf above (i 2), "all popular rate"

*Whose enmity I flung aside, etc.* Cf *J C* i 2

The torrent roared and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy "

*His rare worn basis* His for its See Gr 228

*I not doubt* This omission of the auxiliary *do* in negative sentences is quite common See below (i 1), "whereof the ewe not bites," "I not know," and "I not doubt," and 2 *Hen IV* iv 1 "It not belongs to you" See also Gr 305

*Who hath cause to wet the grief on't* Which hath cause to weep The antecedent of *who* is *eye* Cf 2 *Hen IV* ii 3 "The heart Who great and puff'd up" See Gr 264

*Which end o' th' beam sh'd bow* The folio has "should bow," which is probably a misprint for "sh'ould bow"

*The dearest o' th' loss* "Throughout S, and all the poets of his and a much later day, we find this epithet (*dearest*) applied to that person or thing which, for or against us, excites the liveliest interest. It may be said to be equivalent generally to *dear*, and to import the excess, the utmost of the *superlativa* of that to which it is applied" (Childcote) Cf 'dearest enemy' (1 *Hen IV* iii 2), "dearest foe" (*Ham* i 2), "dearest need" (*Rich III* v 2), "dearest groans" (*A IV* ii 5), etc. See also C p 272, and D (*Glossary*) Cf below (i 1), "dear loss"

*Had I plantation* There is a play on the word *plantation* Gonzalo uses it in the sense of *colony* (cf Bacon, *Ess* xlviii, *Of Plantations*), but Antonio takes it in the sense of *planting*

*I'th commonwealth etc* This passage is evidently copied from Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, published in 1603, and therefore not (see *Introduction*, page 8) in fixing the date of the play. We give the quotation from Florio, as follows "It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of number, no name of magistracie, nor of politike superioritie, no use of warre, of riches, or of poverty, no contracts, no successions, no drudgeries, no oppression but idleness, no respect of kindred, but common, no apparell, but naturall no measuring of lands, no use of wine, corn, or mettle The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them"

\* The original runs thus \* C'est une nation, direz il a Platon, en laquelle il n'y a

*Of it own kind* See above (1 2) on *With it's sweet air*  
*Poison Plenty* The word is French (*fusson* in Old French), the Latin *fusio*, from *fundere*

*T' excel th' golden age* As to excel Cf *M of V* iii 3 "So fond to come abroad," and see Gr 281

*Sensible and nimble* Sensitive and excitable See *Mer* p 145 Cf *Ham* ii 2 "the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' th' sere" (that is, tickled with a dry cough)

*An it had not fallen flat-long* On *an*, see *Mer* p 131, and Gr 101 *Flat-long*, that is, as if struck with the side of the sword instead of its edge. *Flatling* is used in the same sense, as in Spenser, *F Q* v 5, 18 "Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke"

*A bat-fowling* On *a*, see Gr 140 *Bat-fowling* was a method of fowling by night, in which the birds were started from their nests and stupefied by a sudden blaze of light Markham, in his *Hunter's Pleauntion, or the Whole Arte of Fowling*, says, "I thinke meete to proceed to Batte-fowling, which is likewise a mighty taking of all sorts of great and small Birdes which rest not on the earth, but on Shrubbess, tal Bushes, Hathorne trees, and other trees, and may fitly and most conueniently be used in all woody, rough, and bushy countries, but not in the champaigne" He goes on to describe the process D (*Glossary*) quotes the passage in full

*Adventure my discretion* That is, venture or risk my [character for] discretion Cf *T G of V* iii 1 "So bold Leander would adventure it," *Cymb* i 7 "that I have adventur'd to try," etc.

*Omit the heavy offer of it* Neglect the offer of its heaviness *Omit* often means to pass over, lay aside, or neglect, as above (1 2) "Whose influence, if I court not, but omit," *Oth* ii 1 "dō omit their mortal natures," *M for M* iv 3 "What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclin'd?" etc.

*What thou shouldst be* On *should*=*ought*, see Gr 323

*The occasion speak's thee* "The opportunity which now occurs shows what you are intended for, that is, to be a king" (Jephson)

*If heed me* That is, if you intend to heed me Such ellipses in conditional sentences are common in S See Gr 383-393 Cf above (1 2), "O, if a virgin," etc

*Trebles thee o'er* That is, over again See Gr 58 a, and cf *M of V* iii 2 "I would be trebled twenty times myself"

*I am standing water* Jephson interprets this, "I am stagnant, slow of understanding and action" It seems to me rather to mean, I am passive, ready to listen to you and to be influenced by you He already guesses what Antonio means, and cherishes the purpose while he mocks it

Stevens quotes the following from a critic in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for Nov 1786 "Sebastian introduces the simile of water It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow 'It has

aucune espece de tristique, nulle connoissance de lettres, nulle science de nombres, nul nom de magistrat ni de superiorité politique, nul usage de service, de richesse ou de proureté, nuls contracts, nuelles successions, nuls partages, nuelles occupations qu'oisives, nul respect de parenté que commun, nuls vestemens, nulle agriculture, nul metal, nul usage de vin ou de bled les paroles mesmes qui signifient le mensonge, la trahison, la dissimulation, l'avarice, l'envie, la detraction, le pardon, mouyes."



already learned to cbb, says Sebastian To which Antonio replies, 'O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at, how, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation'

*This sort of weak remembrance* "This lord who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering, and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself as he can now remember other things" (Johnson)

*He's a spirit of persuasion* Monk Mason thought that "he's" is for "he has," not "he is," and quotes 1 *Hen II* 1 2 "Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion" etc Stevens regarded the words "promises to persuade" as a marginal gloss or paraphrase, which by some mistake became incorporated with the text, and it appears to favor this view Johnson could "draw no sense" from "this entangled sentence," but there seems to be no special difficulty in it The parenthesis is clearly marked in the folio thus

(For he's a Spirit of persuasion, onely

Promises to persuade) the King his sonne's true," etc

*But doubts discovery there* But doubts whether there is any thing to be discovered there The folio has "doubt," which the Philadelphia editors think "may be retained" "but doubt" being considered equal to "without doubting," or the "can not" being mentally carried on "[can not] but doubt discovery there"

*Beyond man's life* An obvious and intentional hyperbole Hunter (*New Illustrations* 1 p 166) thinks that *Man's Life* is probably the translation of the name of some African city, and finds an ancient city, named *Zet*, not far from Tunis

*The man in the moon* This is one of the oldest of popular superstitions According to one version, the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath (*Lamb* vi 32 foll) was imprisoned in the moon, but another tradition made this lunar personage to be Cuck In the *Testament of Crican* (written by Henryson, but sometimes ascribed to Chaucer) we find the following in a description of the moon

"His eye was gray and full of spottis blak,  
And on his breast the churle printit ful evin,  
Behind his brenche of thornis on his bak,  
Quhill for his thift micht clim na nyr the hevin"

[Living's ed, 1864]

It will be recollected that the man in the moon is one of the characters in the clouds play in *M A D* See iii 1, and v 1

*Can have no more* Can receive no information Cf Bacon, *Ess* xlix "that if Intelligence of the Matter could not otherwise have beene had but by him, Advantage bee not taken of the Note, but the Partie left to his other Meanes"

*She's from whom* That is, in coming from whom The folio has "She that from whom" The emendation was made by Rowe, and is adopted in D, H, W, and others

*Is in yours, etc* Is in yours, etc, that is, "depends on what you and I are to perform" (Stevens) "*Act* and *prologue* being

technical terms of the stage, *discharge* also is so to be understood, as in *M A D* 1 2 "I will discharge it in either your straw coloured beard," etc." (Phila. ed.)

*Measure us back* *Us* refers to that which is supposed to "cry out," or "every cubit"

*There be that can rule Naples* See *Mer.* p 134 (note on *There be land-rats*), and Gr 300

*Could make a chough of as deep chat* Could train a chough to talk as wisely Cf *A IV* iv 1 "chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough" Varrel (*History of British Birds*) observes that in the description of Dover Cliff ("The crows and choughs that wing the midway air," *Lear*, 11 6), "possibly S meant jackdaws, for in the *M A D* he speaks of 'russet-pated' (gray-headed) choughs, which term is applicable to the jackdaw, but not to the real chough"

*How does your content tender*, etc How does your favorable judgment regard For *tender*=regard, v lue, cf. *Hen V* 11 2 "But we our king dom's safety must so tender," *A Y L* 1 2. "By my life, I do, which I tender dearly," etc.

*Much fealer* More neatly or trimly See on *Foot it feathly*, 1 2, and Gr 1

*If it were a kibe*, etc. If it were a sore heel, it would make me exchange my boot for a slipper Cf *I Ham* 1 1 "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe"

*That's dead* Farmer suggested that these words are a gloss, or marginal note, that has somehow found its way into the text

*This ancient morsel* That is, Gonzalo

*Should not upbraid* On *should*, see Gr 322

*Suggestion* Temptation, "hint of villainy" (Johnson) Cf below (iv 1), "the strong'st suggestion Our worser Genius can" The verb is likewise used in the sense of tempt, incite, seduce, as in *A W* 11 5 "I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master," *T G of V* 11 1 "Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested," etc

*It'll come by Naples* Cf *M of V* 1 1 "But how I caught it, found it, or came by it," and see Gr 145

*When I rear my hand* Cf *J C* 11 1 "Casca, you are the first that rears your hand"

*To fall it* See *Mer* p 135, and Gr 291 Cf below (v 1), "fall fellowly drops"

*To keep thee living* The folio has "keepe them living"

*Why are you drawn?* Why are your swords drawn? See Gr 374. Cf *R* and *J* 1 1 "What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?" and, again, "What, drawn, and talk of peace!" See also *M A D* 11 2, and *Hen V* 11 1

*I shal'd you* S generally uses *shook*, both as past tense and participle, but he has *shak'd* in five instances, in three of which it is the participle In 1 *Hen IV* 11 1, we find *shak'd* once and *shook* three times in a single scene See *Mer* p 141 (note on *Not undertook*)

*That's verily* The reading of the folio, changed by most of the editors to "That's verity" See Gr 78

SCENE II—*By inch-meal* Inch by inch We still have *face-meal* (not used by S; but *meal meal*, *limb meal* (*Cymb* 11 4 "tear her limb-meal"), *crop meal*, and other compounds of the kind are obsolete. *Mial* in these words is the A S *mal* (time, portion), not *melu*, *melo* (meal, flour)

*Urchin thorns* Lihn apparitions See above (1 2) on *Urchins*

*Makes* Make faces Cf below (11 1), "with mop and mow," and the stage direction in 11 3, "with mocks and mows" Not from *mouth*, as some have made it, but (see Diez, Scheler, and Wh.) from the French *moue* (pouting, wry face)

*And after lste me* Cf *Y C* 1 2 "And after scandal them"

*Mount then prickles* Raise their prickles Cf *Henry VIII* 1 1 "The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er," and *Id* 1 2 "mounting his eyes"

*I did to torment me* For the *and*, see Gr 95 and 96

*I and* See on *What thou seest yond*, 1 2

*Bombard* Also spelled *bombard*, a large sagon, or "black-jack," made of leather Cf *1 Hen IV* 11 4 "that huge bombard of sack" *Foul* (which I pton wished to change to *full*) probably means black with age and decayed—ready to fall to pieces

*Poor john* A cant name for salted *hake*, a coarse and cheap kind of fish Cf *Romeo* 3 1 "Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John" So in Massinger's *Renegado*, 1 1

"To feed upon poor John when I see pheasants  
And partridges on the table"

In B and F's *Scornful Lady* (11 3), "pitch and poor-john" are mentioned as the foul odors of Thames Street, London

*A deal* See *Mer* p 136

*A deal of Indians* Cf just below, "savages and men of Ind" There may be an allusion to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobisher in 1576

*Gaberdine* See *Mer* p 135

*I will here shroud* Take shelter Both noun and verb were thus used Cf *A and C* 11 13 "Put yourself under his shroud" (his protection) See also Milton, *Comus*, 147 "Run to your shrouds," and 316 "Or shroud within these limits," Spenser, *L Q* 1 1, 8 "therein shrouded from the tempest's dread," etc.

*As proper a man* See *Mer* p 132 (note on *A proper man's picture*).

*At nostrils* In the folio this is printed "at nostrils," and may be a misprint for "at's nostrils" We find, however, "at mouth" (*Y C* 1 2), "at heart" (*A Y L* 1 2), "on knees" (*I and C* 1 3), "on nose" and "on side" (*A Y L* 11 7), and the like See Gr 90

*Afore* This form was common in old English, and so was *to-fore*, which we find in *T A* 11 2 "O, would thou wert as thou to-fore hast been!"

*I'll take to much for him* That is, I will take all I can get

*Will give liquor to you, eat* Alluding to the proverb, "Good liquor will make a cat speak." A few lines below, there is an allusion to the proverb, "He hath need of a long spoon, that eats with the devil"

*Stool*, excrement It is used in the same sense by Ben Jonson and Sir Thomas Browne. Besides its ordinary meaning, it has also in S

the sense of *seat* (*M* for *M* is 2 "the siege of justice"), and of *rank*, or *place* (*Ham.* iv 7 "the unworthiest siege," *Oth* i 2 "men of royal siege")

*Moon-calf* A monstrosity, supposed to be occasioned by lunar influence In Holland's *Pliny* (ii 15) we find, "a moone calfe, that is to say, a lump of flesh without shape, without life,"

*An if* See Gr. 101-103

*Hast any more of this?* For the ellipsis of the subject, see Gr. 401, 402

*Thy dog and thy bush* See above on *The man i' th' moon*, and cf *M N D* iii 1, etc. The "bush" was the bundle of sticks connected with the narrative in *Numb* x

*Afraid* See *M* p. 144.

*Will drawn, monster* A good draught, monster

*Crabs* Crab-apples "Roasted crabs" are mentioned in *L L L* v 2 (Song), and *M N D* ii 2 Cf *Lear*, i 5 "as like this as a crab is like an apple"

*Stamels* This is the reading of the folio, but the word is found nowhere else Some have thought it a diminutive of *seam*, a name by which the impet is said to be known in some parts of England, others read "seamells" or "sea-malls" (the latter form is actually found as the name of a bird in Holme's *Acad of Armory*, 1688), and others "stannels" or "stannels" Of these emendations the last is perhaps the most plausible Montagu (*Ornithological Dict*) says that the "Kestrel, *Stannet*, or Windhover is one of our most common species [of hawks], especially in the more rocky situations and high cliffs on our coasts, where they breed" The bird is also mentioned by S in *T N* ii 5 "And with what wing the staniel checks it it" At least, no one doubts that this is the correct reading, though the old editions print "stallion"

*Trenchering* The reading of the folio, changed to *trancher* by Theo, D, H, and most of the editors, but, as W remarks, "surely they must have forgotten that Caliban was drunk, and after singing 'firing' and 'requiring' would naturally sing 'trenchering' There is a drunken swing in the original line, which is entirely lost in the precise, curtailed rhythm of—

'Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish'

## ACT III

SCENE I—*There be some sports are painful* See *M* p. 134, and Gr. 300 and 244. *Painful*=requiring pains, or laborious Cf *L L L* ii 1 "painful study," *T of S* v 2 "painful labour both by sea and land" Fuller (*Holy War*, v 29) speaks of Joseph as "a painful carpenter," and in his *Holy State* (ii 6) he says, "O the holmess of their living, and painfulness of their preaching!"

*Delight in them sets off* *Delight* is the subject of *sets off*, which is here equivalent to *offsets* Cf *Macb* ii 3 "The labour we delight in physics pain"

*The mistress which* See Gr. 265

*Most busy, least when I do it* "This is the great *crux* of the play. Few passages in *S* have been the subject of more conjecture, and to none has conjecture been applied with less happy results." The first folio reads, "Most busie lest, when I doe it," the other three folios, "Most busie leirst, when I do it." Pope reads, "Leirst busie when I do it." Theo gave "Most busie less when I do it," and Dr. Johnson puts "busiless" into his Dict., citing this passage to justify it. Neither Worc. nor Wb. recognizes the word. The editors from Theo (1733) down to the *Var* of 1821 adopted "busiless," and of recent editors D and H (the latter without comment) have followed them. The difficulty of the passage is well shown by the vacillation of the best modern critics. D in his 2d ed (1864) says that "busiless" is "far more satisfactory, on the whole, than any of the numerous emendations that have been proposed," while in his 1st ed (1857) he doubts "if so odd a compound ever occurred to anybody but the critic himself." K in 1839 followed Theo, but in 1864 he adopts the reading of the later folios, defending it thus: "The opposition of *most* and *least* renders the line somewhat obscure, but if we omit *most*, reading 'Busy leirst when I do it,' the sense is clear enough. It is not less clear with *most*, so punctuated." W in his *Shakespeare's Scholar* (1854) accepts "busiless," and considers "busiest" to be "graceless and inappropriate," but in his edition of *S* (1857) he reads "busiest," adding this note: "The present text is the happy conjecture of Holt White. *Busiest* of course refers to *thoughts*. Ferdinand's 'sweet thoughts' of Miranda were busiest when he was labouring to win her."

Of the other attempts at emendation the following are worthy of mention: Collier's MS corrector's "Most busy blest when I do it," Staunton's "Most busy felt when I do it," Spedding's "Most busiest when idlest," the Crumb editors "Most busied left when idlest," and Knightley's "Most busy, lest when I do it—"

I have preferred, on the whole, to follow Verplanck and retain the reading of the folios ("lest" and "leirst" may be regarded as identical), with the slight change in punctuation. The passage may then be explained as follows: "In these reflections I forget my labours, which are even refreshed with the sweetness of the thoughts, and I am really most busy in mind while I am least busy with my task—occupied with my thoughts, idlest with my hands." I take this paraphrase from the Phila. ed., where the passage, with the various readings and criticisms, is very fully and ably discussed.

On the transposition in "leirst when," cf. above (i 2), "Curtsied when you have," etc. For the various forms of transposition in *S*, see Gr 419-427.

*But I am not against* Cf *A* and *C* ii 4 "Hasten your generals after," *A* B iii 4 "If it befoot plod I the cold ground upon," etc. Gr 203.

*Visit* *Visit*, its ordinary meaning in *S*. He does not use *visit* as a noun. Cf *M* of I iv 1 "in loving visitation was with me," etc.

*Hest* See on this word above (i 2). It occurs three times in this play, but nowhere else, unless we adopt the reading of the 1st Quarto in *I Hen* II ii 3 "On some great sudden hest," where all the other old editions have "haste" or "hast," which is another spelling of the same word.

*Admir'd Muanda* <sup>1</sup> Ferdinand refers to the Latin origin of the name, from the gerundive of *mirari*, to admire

*The top of admiration* Cf *M for M* 11 2 "the top of judgment," *2 Hen VI* 1 2 "top of honor," *Cor* 1 9 "top of praises," etc.

*Several* Separate Cf v 1 "strange and several noises" So in Milton, *Com* 25 "commits to several government," *Hymn on Nativ* 234 "Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave," etc.

*Owed* Owned. See on the same word, 1 2

*To like of* Cf *Much Ado*, v 4 "if you like of me," *L L L* 1 1 "But like of each thing that in season grows," *Rich III* iv 4 "Richard likes of it," etc. See also Gr 177

*Than to suffer* Pope changed this to "Than I would suffer," but the insertion of *to* with a verb after its omission with a preceding one (especially an auxiliary) is not uncommon in S. See Gr 350

*If hollowly* Cf *M for M* 11 3

"And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on"

*What else? th' world* Whatever else there is, anything else Cf *3 Hen VI* iii 1 "With promise of his sister and what else" See Gr 255

*Your maid* Your maid servant

*Your fellow* Your companion The word was applied to both sexes Cf *Judges* xi 37 and *Psa* xlv 14 (*Prayer-Book* version) *Companion* was formerly used contemptuously, as *fellow* still is Cf *J C* iv 3 "Companion, hence!" and *2 Hen VI* iv 10 "Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be" It is found in this sense even in so late a work as Smollett's *Roderick Random* (1748) "Scurvy companion! Saucy tarpuhin! Rude, impertinent fellow!"

*Whether you will or no* This use of *no*, though common in old writers, is condemned by modern grammarians See F 523, note x

*A thousand thousand* I hat is, firewells,

*Who are surpris'd with all* On *who* (=for they), see Gr 263 *With all*, the reading of the folio, was changed by Theo to *withal*, and D follows him W and H read *with all*

*I'll to my book* For the ellipsis, see Gr 405

SCENE II — *There's but five* See on *There is no more such shapes*, 1 2

*Standard* Standard-bearer, or ensign The quibbles on this word, and on *he*, just below, are obvious enough

*Debas'd* This is the old spelling of *debauched*, and is found in the folio in the four instances in which S uses the word (*A W* 11 3 and v 3, *Lear*, 1 4, and here)

*That a monster should be such a natural* <sup>1</sup> A quibble on *natural* as opposed to *monstrous* and as=fool

*But this thing dare not* I hat is, would not dare Gr 361

*Pied nunny* Alluding to the motley dress of the professional jester, or fool, as the name *patch* (see *Mei* p 142) perhaps does

*Quick freshes* Springs of fresh water *Quick* (=living) is applied to water flowing from a spring, as "living" is in the Bible and elsewhere S does not elsewhere use *fresh* as a noun, but it is found in other old writers

*Wear?* Throat, windpipe The word is omitted by Mrs Clarke in her *Cordian* 2

*A s'* A fool (the French *sot*) This is its only meaning in S Cf *C of L* ii 2 'Thou snail, thou slug, thou sot' *Lear*, ii 2 "he called me sot, and told me I had turn'd the wrong side out," etc.

*And that most deeply to consider* For the omission of the relative, see Gr 244

*Troll the catch* Sing the tune A *catch* is a *round*, in which the parts are taken up (or caught up) in succession *Troll*, as a noun, means the same as *catch* (see Wb.), and *to troll* was to sing as in a troll, or catch

*While-ere* A while ago See Gr 137

*The picture of Nobody* Probably an allusion to a ludicrous figure (head, arms, and legs, without a trunk, or *body*) printed on the old popular ballad of *The Well-spoken Nobody* (Halliwell)

*Take it as thou list* 'Take what shape pleases thee'

*Will hum*, etc. See on *I'd dride*, i 2. The Phila. ed. says that this use of *will* to "express a custom" is not mentioned by grammarians and lexicographers. It had been mentioned by F (§ 522, 21) at least ten years before the criticism was made, and this very passage from the *Temp* is quoted as an illustration of the idiom

*In dreaming* For other examples of *in*=*while*, or *during*, see Gr 161

*That when I waked* So that See Gr 283

SCENE III—*By r Lady* By our Ladykin, or the Virgin Mary The diminutive, as often, expresses endearment=our *dear* Lady

*My old bones aches* The folio has *aches* See on *Aches*, i 2, and for the form of the verb, on *What ears these rearers*, i 1

*Forth rights and meanders* Straight paths and winding ones Cf *T and C* iii 3 'Or hedge aside from the direct forth right' There is an allusion to the artificial "mazes" of the olden time

*Attach'd with weariness* Seized with weariness *Attach* is etymologically the same as *attach*, and is often found in that sense Cf Spenser, *J Q* iii 33

"I like as a fearful partridge, that is fledd  
From the sharpe hawk which her attached neere"

*Will take through's* See *Mer* p 144 (note on *Throughfare*) and p 158

*A fine drollery* A drollery was a puppet show Cf *2 Hen IV* ii 1  
'a pretty slight drollery'

*One tree the phoenix throne*, etc. In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat Hist* (xiii 4) we read "I myself verily have heard strange things of this kind of tree, and namely in regard of the bird *Phoenix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree [called in Greek *Phoenix*], for it was used unto me that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again." Lyly, in his *Thoughts*, says "As there is but one phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth" Florio, in his *Ital Dict*, defines "Rasin" as "a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but one found and upon it the phoenix sits" See also the opening lines of the poem of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, in the *Poems in the Folio*.

*Certes.* Certainly The word was nearly obsolete in S's day He uses it only five times It is a favorite archaism with Spenser

*I cannot too much muse* That is, wonder at it. Cf. *Much* iii 4 "Do not muse it me," 2 *Hen VI* iii 1 "I muse my lord of Gloster is not come," etc. We find the word also as a noun = wonderment, as in Spenser, *F Q* i 12, 29 - "he sate long time astonished, As in great muse"

*Praise in departing* A proverbial expression Praise given too soon may have to be retracted

*Deu lapp'd like bulls* Doubtless a reference to the victims of *goître*, so common in mountainous districts, especially in some parts of Switzerland

*Whose heads stood in their breasts* Cf. *Oth* i 3 "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders" Pliny (*Nat Hist* v 8) tells of men that have no heads, but mouths and eyes in their breasts, and Hakluyt, in his *Voyages* (1598), describes "a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders" Bucknill (*Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare*) suggests that the poet "may only refer to the effect produced by forward curvature of the spine, in which the head appears to be set below the shoulders"

*Each futter-out of five for one* Thus in the folio Theo suggested "on five for one," which W adopts Malone (followed by D) reads "of one for five" Collier, K., the Camb editors, and II retain the reading of the folio, which may be explained as "at the rate of five for one" The allusion is to "a kind of inverted life insurance" which was in vogue in S's day. A traveller before leaving home put out a sum of money, on condition of receiving two, three, or five times the amount upon his return If he did not return, of course the deposit was forfeited Cf Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, ii 3 "I am determin'd to put forth some five thousand pounds, to be paid me, five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court in Constantinople If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone if we be successful, why, there will be twenty-five thousand pounds to entertain time withal"

*Whom Destiny hath caused to belch up you* On the supplementary pronoun, see Gr 249 *Up you* may be an accidental transposition, as W regards it, but see Gr 240

*Hath to instrument* *Hath for or as instrument* See on *A paragon to their queen*, ii 1

*Such like* See Gr 278

*Their proper selves* Their own selves Cf *Cymb* iv 2 "With my proper hand," etc.

*The elements of whom* Cf above (ii 1), "your eye Who hath cause," and see Gr 264.

*Bemoock'd at* Cf "hoped-for" (3 *Hen VI* v 4), "sued for" (*Cor* ii 3), "unthought-on" (*W T* iv 4), "unthought-of" (1 *Hen IV* iii 2), etc. See Gr 431

*Still-closing* Cf above (i 2), "still-vev'd Bermoothes," and see *Mer.* p 128.

*Dowle* A fibre of down The word is probably (see Wb) a corruption of *down* In 2 *Hen IV* iv 4, the folio has "There lyes a downy feather," and in the next line "that light and weightlesse downe"





suggest," as some explain it, or *can* may be = to have power, to be able. See *Mer* p 133 (note on *May you stead me?*), and *Gr* 307

*The edge of that day's celebration*, etc. "The keen enjoyment of the celebration of our wedding-day" (Jephson)

*Fairly spoke* The -*n* or -*en* of the participle is often dropped by the Elizabethan writers. See *Gr* 244

*What would my potent master?* See *Mer* p 135 (note on *How much you would*)

*The rabble* That is, "thy meaner fellows"

*Some vanity* Some illusion. Cf the old romance of *Emare*

"The emperour sayde on hygh,  
Surtes, this vs ȝ myȝ,  
Or ellys ȝ myte"

*Presently?* Immediately. See *Mer* p 131

*Alap and move* The two words have the same meaning (see on *Now*, n 2), and are often thus conjoined in writers of that day. Cf B and F, *Pilgrim*, n 2

"What mops and moves it makes! heigh, how it frisketh!  
Is 't not ȝ furr?" or "some small hob goblin?"

*White-cold* The folio has "white cold," but it is probably a compound adjective, like "sudden-cold" (*L L L* n 1), "fertile-fresh" (*Al Wives*, v 5), "active-valiant" and "valiant young" (*1 Hen IV* v 1), etc. See *Gr* 2

*My liver* The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. Cf *Much Ado*, n 1 "if ever love had interest in his liver"

*A corollary* A surplus. See *Wb*

*Partly* Briskly, promptly

*Stover* Fodder for cattle. It has the same origin as the law term *estovers* (see *Wb*). In some parts of England, according to Jephson, it means hay made of clover. *Thatch'd* probably means "covered, strewn," and not, as it has been explained, "having shelters thatched with straw"

*Pion'd and tilled* The folio has "pioned, and twilled," which some editors have retained, explaining it as "dug and ridged." Steevens says that Spenser has *pioning* = digging. Rowe changed "twilled" into "tupiled," and Capell into "tilled." Others have changed "pioned" to "pionied" and "peonied," but Dr Johnson gives "piony" as another form for "peony," and the spelling of the folio may as well stand. The peony may not suit our modern taste as a flower for "chaste crowns," but old writers are quoted who call it "the mayden piony" and "virgin peonie." It has been objected that peonies and lilies do not bloom in April, but Boswell quotes Bacon's *Essay Of Gardens* "In April follow, The Double white violet, The Wall-Flower, The Stock-Gilly-Flower, The Coushp, Flower-De-luces, and Lillies of all Natures, Rose mary Flowers, The Tulippa, The Double Piony," etc.

*Broom groves* Groves in which broom (*Spartium scoparium*) abounds, though Steevens asserts that the broom itself sometimes grows "high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it, and in places where it is cultivated still higher." Hamlet changed "broom" to "brown"

*Lass-lorn* Forsaken by his lass, or lady

*Pole* Not "clipped so as to be trued to a pole" (as Jephson explains it) but with the poles *clipt*, or embraced, by the vines. S uses *clipt* (including *trifolium*) fourteen times\* in this obsolete sense, and only three times in its ordinary sense.—*Vineyard* is probably here a trisyllable. See Gr 487

*Wetly creek and messenger* Iris was the goddess of the rainbow, and also the messenger of Juno

*It's true her these, and to come.* See on *Than to suffer*, in 1

*Her peacocks* The chariot of Juno was drawn by peacocks, as that of Venus was by doves (see "Dove drawn," a few lines below)

*In un* Literally, *with main* (which we still use in "might and main"), that is, with strength or force, vigorously

*Sylvia* Cf Virgil, *Æn* 11 700 "Iris croceis pennis."

*Bo* Wooded Cf Milton, *Com* 313 "every bosky bourn"

*Estle* Grant, or settle is a possession Cf *M A D* 11 "all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius" See also *A Y L* 12

*Thine* *the tansky Dis*, etc. The means by which Pluto carried off Proserpina See Ovid, *Met* 1 363 foll For the epithet, cf the "atri Ditis" of Virgil (*Æn* 6 127), etc.

*him* *toys* Cf *M A D* 11. "therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind" etc.

*Lepros* A city in Cyprus, one of the favorite seats of Venus.

*I thought they to have done* Cf below, "I thought to have told thee," and see Gr 360

*Mars's* *let minion* Mars's ardent favorite. Venus was the wife of Vulcan, but loved Mars. *Minion*, originally equivalent to "darling" (Fr *amant*), came at length to mean "an unworthy object on whom an excessive fondness is bestowed" In Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (1605) we find "God's disciple and his dearest minion" So in Stirling's *Domesday* "Immortal minions in their Maker's sight."

*Has* *trile* See on *Fairly spoke*, above

*I* *ter by ter* *gait* Cf Virgil, *Æn* 1 46. "divum incedo regim"

*Marriage blessing* So pointed in folio Most of the editors print "marriage-blessing," which may be what S wrote.

*Farth's* *increas*, *for son plenty* The reading of the folio The second folio has "and forson" which is adopted by many editors See Gr 484

All the early editions give the whole Song to Juno Theo made the correction

*Spring* *come to you* etc. Cf *An* 15, 14 13

*Thir* *warfines* Their abodes in air, earth, water, etc. Cf *Han* 11

"Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine."

*So new a* *new* *l'd father and a* *new* Cf *K John*, 11 2 "So new a fashion'd robe," *C of I* 11 2 "So fair an offer'd chain," etc. See Gr 122 The Philol. ed. states that some copies of the folio read "wise," and others "wine" The change must have been made while the book was

\* The Philol. ed. says "the new" but one instance in *The Passionate Pilgrim* is "new"

printing, but which is the corrected reading can not now be determined. All the other folios have "wise" Rowe reads "wife," and is followed by Pope, Iheo, Capell, Johnson, and the *Var* eds, without note or comment. D gave "wise" in his 1st ed, but changes it to "wife" in the 2d K, on the other hand, has "wife" in the 1st ed and "wise" in the 2d Sr has "wife;" St., "so rare a wonder, and a father wise," the Camb editors, "wife," W and H "wise."

*Winding brooks* The folio has "windring," and it is doubtful whether we should read "wind'ring" or "winding"

*Sedge'd crowns* Cf Milton's description of the river-god Camus (*Lyc* 104) "his bonnet sedge." Walker (*Crit Et*) suggests "sedge" here.

*Crisp channels* Rippled or ruffled by the wind Cf Milton, *P L* 11 237 "the crisped brooks," and *Com* 984 "the crisped shades and bowers" Some explain it here as "curling or winding channels" Either interpretation is better than Jephson's "because of the crisply curled verdure on their banks"

*Avoid!* Depart, begone! Cf *A and C* v 2 "Avoid, and leave him," *IV T* 1 2 "Let us avoid," etc. Cf *I Sam* viii 11

*Distemper'd* Disturbed, excited Cf *R and J* ii 3 "a distemper'd head," *K John*, iv 3 "distemper'd lords," etc. See Gr 439

*Leave not a rack* The folio has "racke" *Rack*, as applied to the clouds, is not the same word as *wrack*=wreck (see *Wb*), but old writers often spelled them both "rack" or "racke" The critics are not agreed which is the word here The best plea for *rack* (=vapor) may be found in the Phila. ed, the best for *wrack* (or *wreck*) in D's 2d ed, vol 1, p 253 The weight of argument seems to me slightly in favor of the latter, which W adopts H takes the other view It may be remarked that we still have *rack*=*wrack* in "rack and rum"

*Made on* See *Mer* p 143 (note on *Glad on't*), and Gr 181, 182

*Presented Cries* Represented, personated Cf *M Hrcs*, ii 6 "present the fairy queen." In *M A' D* (iii 1 and v 1) it occurs several times in this sense See also Milton, *Il Pens* 99 "Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line"

*Unback'd colts* Cf the description of the effect of music on "unhandled colts," *M of V* v 1

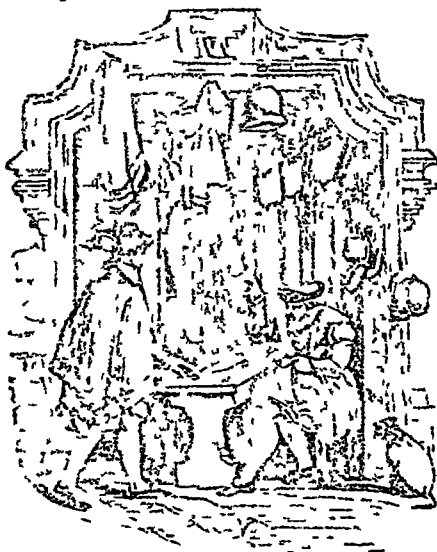
*Bring it hither* For the redundant *it*, see Gr 243, 417

*Stale* Decoy, bait Cf B and F, *Hum Lout* iii 2 "Stales to catch lites," Sidney, *Acadia* "But rather one bird caught served as a stale to bring in more," Spenser, *F Q* ii 1 4 "he craftie stales did lay," etc.

*Hang them on this line* The folio has "on them" *Line* is the old name for the *lime* or linden tree, used below (v 1) in "hne-grove" Hunter (*New Illust*, vol 1, p 179) understands the tree to be meant here, but, as D has suggested, Stephano's joke, "Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair," has no point unless we assume the "line" to be a *hair line* "Buy a hur-line" is one of the cries in an old wood cut of 1611, illustrating the trades and callings of that day, and in Laly's *Alfides*, a barber's apprentice facetiously says, "All my moustres' lynes that she dries her cloathes on, are made only of Mustachio stuffe" (i. e. of the cuttings of moustaches)

*Play d the Jack* The Jack o'-lantern, or Will o'-the-Wisp

*Gr 15, line 1* My good lord. Cf *J C* 111 "Dear my lord," *R and J*  
*11 5* "sweet my mother," *T and C* 12 "O poor our sex!" See *Gr* 13  
*I t's* ( *un* ) See *Alf* p 152 (note on *You and I*), and *Gr* 209  
*1 King Shalaw* 'O pua' An allusion to the old song "Take thy  
 old Jork about thee, one stanza of which (quoted in *Oth* 11 3) begins,  
 'King Stephen was a worthy peer,' etc  
*A puffer* A shop for second hand clothes.



*To do* For the construction, see *Gr* 356

*Let's alone* The reading of the folio Theo read "Let's along," which D adopts. Malone proposed "Let it (or Let t) alone," and is followed by Collier, V and H. W retains the old reading, explaining it thus: "Let us do the murder alone, without the Fool's aid." In 11 2, Caliban says to Stephano

"If thy greatness will,  
 Revenge it on him for I know thou dar'st,  
 But this thing [Trinculo] dare not."

*Jokin* A kind of doublet

*To lose your fair* A quibbling allusion to the loss of hair from fever (or other disease) in crossing the line, or equator

*P's off his* Will of wit *Pass* (=thrust) is a term in fencing

*Lime* That is, bird lime

*Lime cake* Probably not the shell fish, but the geese into which these were supposed to be transformed. Marston (*Measure for Measure* 11 1) says

"like your Scotch limbeck, now a hock!  
 Justly a woman and presently a great goose."

For a full account of this old superstition, and an explanation of its origin, see Max Muller's *Lect on the Science of Language*, Second Series, pp 552-571 (Amer ed).

*Villanous low* See Gr 1

*Lies at my mercy*, etc See on *What cares these cares*, 11 D W, and H read "Lie," but there is no reason for changing the old construction *Lies* is found plural in S at least five times, in three of which the rhyme forbids any change

## ACT V

SCENE I—*His carriage* His load, burden Cf *K John*, v 7 "For many carriages he hath despatch'd" See also *Judges*, xiii 21, 1 Sam xvi 22, Isa x 28, Acts xxi 15, etc

*Lime-grove* Changed by most editors to "lime-grove," but see on *Hung them on this lime*, iv 1

*Weather-fends* Defends from the weather See Gr 432

*Till your release* Till you release them *Your* is a "subjective genitive"

*Him that you term'd* On *him*=he, see Gr 208

*His hairs runs* The reading of the folio Most editors have "run" See Gr 333

*That wish all as sharply Passion* That "feel everything with the same quick sensibility," or that are fully as sensitive to suffering

*Ye elves*, etc. Some expressions in this speech may have been suggested by Medea's speech in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (book vii), which S had probably read in Golding's translation

"Ye wres and wundes, ye *elves of hills, of brookes, of woodes* alone,  
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everych one,  
Through help of whom (the crooked brykes much wondering at the thing)  
I have compelled streames to run cleyn backward to their spring  
By charmes I make the cald seas rough, and make the rough seas plyne,  
And cover all the skie with clouds, and chase them thence again  
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the vipers' skin,  
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw  
Whole woodes and Forrests I remove, I make the mountains shake,  
And even the earth itself to groyn and fearfully to quake  
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee O lightsome moone,  
I darken oft though beeten brass wate thy perill soone  
Our sorcerie dimmes the morning faire and darks the sun at noone  
The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,  
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take  
Among the earth bred brothers you a mortal warre did set,  
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet"

*Green soursinglets* "Fairy rings," or circles on the grass supposed to be made by the elves in their nightly dances Dr Grey (*Notes on S*) says they "are higher, sower, and of a deeper green than the grass which grows round them" They were long a mystery even to scientific men Priestley (1767) ascribed them to the effects of lightning, Pennant (1776) and others, to the burrowing of moles, by which the soil was loosened and thus made more productive, Wollaston (1807), to the spreading of a kind

of *myrmecophaga*, or fungus, which enriches the ground by its decay. This last explanation is now known to be the correct one.

*Mushrooms*. The folio has the old form, "mushrumps."

*Weak masters*. This is commonly explained, "weak if left to yourself," though powerful auxiliaries (as we say that "fire is a good servant, but a bad master"), but Jephson thinks that "*masters* is only used ironically, is a term of slight contempt." Of the two interpretations I prefer the latter, but the "irony" is affectionate rather than contemptuous.

*I urd*. See Gr 204.

*I ur senses that*. The senses of those whom. See Gr 218.

*I solemn air, etc.* May this solemn air, which is the best comforter, etc.

*boiled*. Cf *W A D* v 1 "scething brains," and *W T* m 3 "these boiled brains of nineteen and two and twenty."

*Sympathizing with what appears in thine*. Sympathizing with what appears in thine.

*I'll fall by drops*. Cf *U* 1 "to fall it on Gonzalo" Gr 291. On *fall* for *by*, see Gr 447.

*Like*. At (or with) a quick pace, rapidly, a compound, like *amain* (with *mum* or *strength*).

*I will pay thy graces Home*. I will repay thy favors to the utmost, or thoroughly. Cf *W* for *W* iv 3 "Accuse him home and home" *Cymb* m 5 "satisfy me home," and v 2 "that confirms it home." We still say "charge home" (Cor 14) and "strike home" (*T A* n 1 and 3).

*You, brother mine*. On the use of *you* here, followed by *thou* in "I do forgive thee," etc., see Gr 232.

*honour and nature*. Pity and natural affection. See *Mer* p 156, and cf *C* of *L* 11 "was wrought by nature, not by vile offence."

*Is usual's store*. Short of reason.

*Disease me*. Undress myself. Cf *W T* iv 3 "therefore disease thee." This reflexive use of the personal pronoun is common in *S*. See Gr 223.

*Servant*. Formerly. See *Mer* p 130.

*Fly after summer*. Cf *W A D* v 1 "Trip we after the night's shade" and Milton *Hymn of Nat* 236 "Fly after the night steeds," etc. Tuck changed 'summer' to 'sunset,' and other critics have made sad work of the Song by attempts to improve the pointing of the folio, which is essentially as I have given it, following *V*, *W D*, and *H*. The meaning is well brought out by *V*. "At night, 'when owls do cry,' Ariel couches 'in a cowslip's bell,' and he uses 'the bat's back' as his pleasant vehicle to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms." It has been objected that bats do not "fly after summer," but become torpid in winter, but, even if the poet had known this zoological fact, he might none the less have made Ariel use the creature for his purposes. The "trickey spirit" was not limited by natural laws.

*Benzerail*. For the construction, see Gr 376.

*Or else*. See note on the same phrase, i 2.

*It is his*. Another example of the old plural. See Gr 333, 336.

*Trifles to abuse me*. Pervious to deceive me. Cf *Ham* n 2 "Abuses me to damn me." We have the same expression in *b* and *F* (*Bondua*, v 2) "In love too with time to abuse me."

*I not know* See on *I not doubt*, II 1, and cf. "the ewe not bites," etc.  
*Since I saw thee* We should now say "have seen thee" See Gr

347  
*An if this be at all* If indeed there be any reality in it "And if" in the folio See Gr 103, 105

*Taste some subtilties of the isle* "This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionery. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was they called it a *subtlety*. Dragons, castles, trees, etc., made out of sugar, had the like denomination" (Steevens)

*Pluck* Bring down. Cf. *A W* III 2 "pluck his indignation on thy head"

*Justify you traitors* Prove you traitors Cf. *A W* IV 3 "Second Lord How is this justified?" *First Lord* The stronger part of it by her own letters.

*I am woe for't* I am sorry for it. Cf. *A and C* IV 14 "Woe, woe are we, sir" In *Cymb* I 5, we find "I am sorrow for thee" See Gr 230

*Of whose soft grace* By whose kind favor

*As late* As it is recent, but some explain it, "and as recent."

*Supportab'l* Accent on the first syllable. Cf. "*adestable*" (*K. John*, III 4, *T of A* IV 1) and "*delectable*" (*Rich II* II 3) Gr 492 Abbott himself is inclined to put it under 497 Steevens reads "portable," a word used by S in this sense in *Lear*, III 6, and *Macb* II 3

*Hence I means* For the transposition, see Gr 425

*That they were lying* "The subjunctive used optatively" Gr 364.

*Myself were mudded*, etc. For "myself" as subject, see *Mir* p 137 (note on *Yourself*) Cf. III 3 "my son i' th' ooze is bedded, And with him there lie mudded"

*Do so much admir.* Do so much wonder

*Which was thrust forth of Milan* See Gr 266 and 166

*To content ye* On ye, see Gr 236 *Content* (cf. the French *contenter*) often = "please" or "delight" in S Cf. *Ham* II 2 "it doth much content me to hear him"

*"Here Prospero discourses Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess"*

Such is the stage direction in the folio. It is the only allusion to chess in S, unless there be a punning one in *T of S* I 1, where Katherine says, "I pray you, sir, is it your will to make a *stale* of me amongst these *maths*?" Steevens thinks that the introduction of the game here was suggested by the romance of *Huon de Bordeaux*, where "King Ivoyn caused his daughter to play at the chesse with Huon," etc. But, as Prof. Allen suggests in an interesting *Excursus* in the Phila. ed., even if S *did* take a hint from that old romance, it was probably because he was aware that there was a special appropriateness in representing a prince of Naples as a chess-player, since Naples, in the poet's day, "was the centre of chess-playing," and probably famed as such throughout Europe

*Play me false* Cheat me. Cf. Gr 220

*If this prove*, etc. H says "The sense of this passage is not altogether clear. The word *not* seems wanting after *prove*, unless *if* have by some means got substituted for *but*. Alonso has lost his son once, and if this which he now sees prove *not* a mere vision, he will have to lose him



again I can see no difficulty in the passage. If this be a mere vision, his son is restored to him, and he must again give him up as lost.  
*I am hers* That is, her father.  
*Chalk'd out the way* We should say "chalk'd out the way."  
*He: III: 1*

"Chalks successors their way"

*No man was his own* Was master of himself, or in his senses.  
*Still embrace* Ever embrace. See *Mer* p 128.  
*Here is more of us* See on *There is no more such shapes*, 1 2.  
*Safely found Out, King and company* That is, found them safe. Cf just below, "freshly beheld Our royal, good, and gallant ship." S often uses adverbs as "predicate adjectives," a fact not mentioned by Abbott, though he refers to the use of adverbs for adjectives after *is* (78). Cf above (iii 1), "look wearily" for "look weary." So in *M. W. T.*, ii 1: "looks so merrily," *A. Y. L.* 1 2: "he looks successfully," etc. But elsewhere we have "looks pale," "looks sad," "look stern," "look fur," etc. We find also the adjective for the adverb, as in 1 *Hen VI* 1 2: "Merrily look gracious on thy prostrate thrall," etc. The two constructions are often confounded by good writers even in our day.  
*Give out split* Give up is gone to pieces. In 2 *Hen IV* 1 8, "given out these arms" means given them up.

*See* See on *Early*, 1 1.

*Trick* Steevens (followed by Dyce) explains the word as "clever, adroit," Johnson as "pretty or engaging," others as "cunning, sportive," etc. Rich (*Dict*) defines it "trickish, artful, dexterous, adroit, active, smart," and cites Warner, *Alfred's Eng* 1 31.

"There was a triel the girl, I wot,  
 Albeit clad in grey,  
 As fresh as bird, as strute as bould,  
 As fresh as flower in May."

Florio (*Ita' Dict*) defines *Prigolletta* as "quaint, pretty, nimble, true, tender small."

*Dead of sleep* The folio reading. Malone read "on sleep" (Cf *Arts* viii 36), but *on* and *of* were often used interchangeably, as indeed they still are by illiterate people. See Gr 180, 182. Abbott himself puts this under 168 (*of* = "as a consequence of").

*But even now* Just now. See Gr 38.

*Several* Separate, distinct, as in iii 1, and iii 3.

*Leaping to eye her* Jumping for joy at the sight of her.

*On a trice* We say "in a trice," as S does elsewhere. In *Lear*, i 1, we have "in this trice of time."

*Moping* The folio has "mopping" and some editors print "mopping" (=grimacing). The Phil. ed explains it rightly: "Depressed and moping, because suddenly interrupted in the midst of their rejoicing, separated from their companions, and 'enforced' to go, whither they knew not, by some irresistible supernatural power."

*Conduct of* Conductor of. Cf *Rich II* 1 1: "I will be his conduct," *R and J* 3: "Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!"

*Beating on* Cf 2 *Hen VI* 11 1 "thine eyes and thoughts Beat on a crown" Above (1 2) we have "For still 'tis beating in my mind"

*Single I'll resolve you* In private I will explain to you Prof Allen (Phila ed) suggests that *single* is here used as in "a single thing," 1 2 "In that case, the train of thought would be I here needs no such resort as you speak of to *divine* means (to an *oracle*) to rectify your knowledge, I alone—I, a mere weak *man*—will resolve your doubts"

*Which to you shall seem probable* Which *explanation*, etc. See Gr 271.

*Of every These happen'd accidents* See Gr 12 and 295

*Coragio* Courage (Italian)

*These be* See Gr 300, and cf 111 1 "There be some sports," etc.

*Badges* The stolen apparel they had on Johnson says "The sense is, 'Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest'" "In the time of S all the servants of the nobility wore silver badges on their liveries, on which the arms of their masters were engraved" (Nares) Hence the allusion here and in several other passages in S Cf *Lucrece*, 1053

"To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A bridge of fame to slander's livery"

*One so strong that*, etc. For the relative after *such* and *so*, see Gr 279 Cf below, "Sail so expeditious that shall catch," etc.

*Deal in her command*, etc. "Act as her vicegerent without being authorized, or *empowered* so to do" (Malone) Jephson explains *without her power*, "though not equal to the moon in power"

*Reeling ripe* *Ripe* may be one of the many "slang" terms for *drunk*, or *reeling ripe* (ripe, or fit for reeling) may be a compound like *crying ripe*, *smarting-ripe*, etc Cf B and F, *Woman's Prize*, 11 1

"My son Petruchio, he's like little children  
That lose their brubbles, crying ripe"

*This grand liquor*, etc. An allusion to the "grand elixir," or *aureum potabile* of the alchemists, which they pretended would confer immortal youth upon him who drank it It was a joke of the time to compare sack to this elixir, and "gilded" is elsewhere found in the same sense as here In Fletcher's *Chances* (iv 3), in reply to the question, "Is she not drunk too?" we find, "A little gilded o'er, sir, old sack, old sack, boys"

*I fear me* Many verbs, now intransitive, were used by S reflexively See Gr 296, and cf. "retire me" just below

*This is a strange thing*, etc. Stevens read "as strange a thing," but other examples of the ellipsis are to be found in S See Gr 276

*Seek for grace* Seek for pardon.

*Go to* See *Mer* p 136

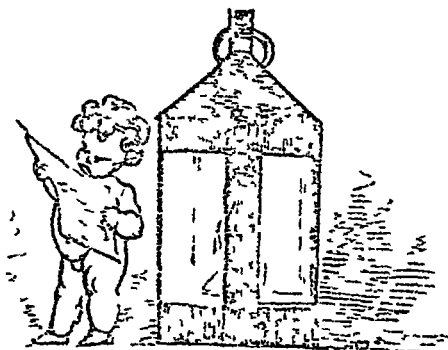
*The nuptial* S always uses *nuptial*, if we except one passage in the very corrupt text of *Pericles* (v 3) On the other hand, he has *funerals* (cf the Latin *funera*, and the French *funérailles*) in *J C* v 4, and *T A* 1 2 (1 in *Globe* ed.), though elsewhere his word is *funeral*

*Our dear-below'd solemniz'd* This is the metre of the folio (as Boswell remarks), and is followed by D and W Collier, K, and H print it "dear-belov'd solemniz'd" But we have "solémnized" in *L L L* 11 1. "Of Jaques Falconbridge so-lem-nized" Cf the one instance of the word in

Milton (*P L* vii 448) "Ev'ning and morn solémniz'd the fifth day." In *U of I n o K J o r n*, ii 2, and *1 Hen VI* v 3, the only other instances in which *S* uses the word in verse, it is "solemniz'd." Abbott shows (Gr 201) that this peculiarity of accent is found in other words ending in -ized, as *co-ordinated, canonized, authorized*, etc.

*I d d l e r z z a l l* I'll relate vii Cf *Ham* v 2: "All this can I truly deliver," *O f* ii 3 "deliver more or less than truth," etc.

*P l e a s e j u* If it please you. See Gr 361, and *Mer* pp 134, 136.



## EPILOGUE.

It is well known that the Prologues and Epilogues of the English Drama are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays, and White with good reason thinks that this Epilogue, though printed in the folio, bears internal evidence of being no exception to the rule. The thoughts are "poor and commonplace," and the rhythm is "miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian." It is apparently from the same pen as the Epilogue to *Henry VIII*—"possibly Ben Jonson's, whose verses they much resemble." The Epilogue to the *Second Part of Henry IV.* is another that is evidently not Shakespeare's; and it is a significant fact that, in the folio, these three Epilogues "are plainly pointed out as separate performances." "For in these plays the characters are all sent off the stage by the direction *Exeunt*, and the Epilogue is set forth as something apart from the play, being, in one case, separated from it by a single rule, in another by double rules, and in the third being printed on a page by itself, while in the other plays the *Exeunt* or *Exit* is not directed until after the Epilogue, which is included within the single border-rule of the page, no separation of any kind being made." A comparison of the various Epilogues shows that "this arrangement has no reference to the personage by whom the Epilogue is to be spoken," and, as no other explanation of it can be given, it is probable that the editors of the folio meant thus to indicate that the Epilogues are not Shakespeare's.

*With the help of your good hands* "By your applause, by clapping hands" (Johnson) Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell Cf above (iv. 1). "hush! be mute, Or else our spell is marr'd."

*Unless I be relieved by prayer.* "This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them" (Warburton) Jephson thinks it may be an allusion to "the custom, prevalent in S's time, of concluding the play by a prayer, offered up kneeling, for the sovereign."

*Mercy itself* The divine Mercy,

*Frees all faults* Frees from all faults See Gr 200.

K



CALIBAN [Act II, Scene 2]

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